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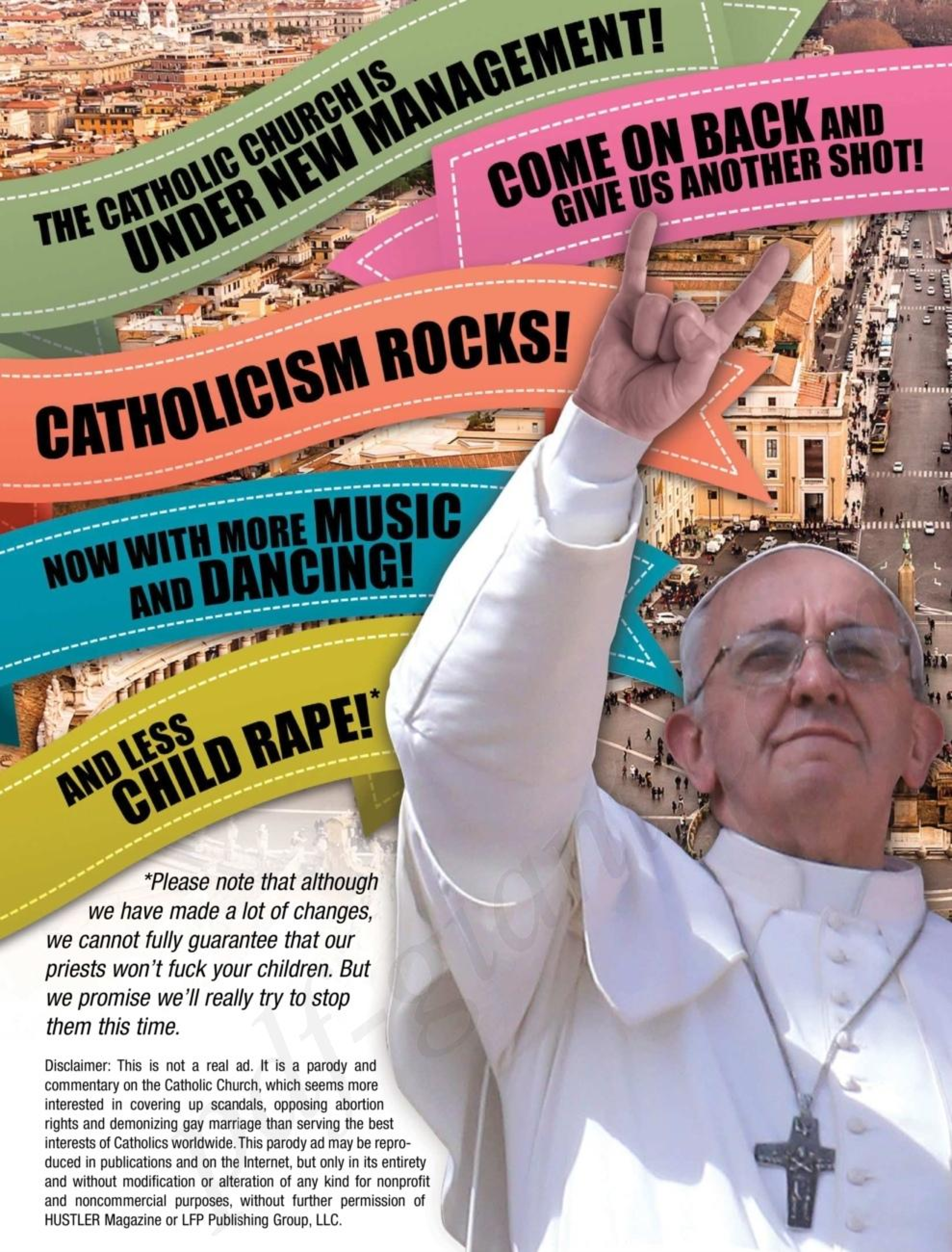
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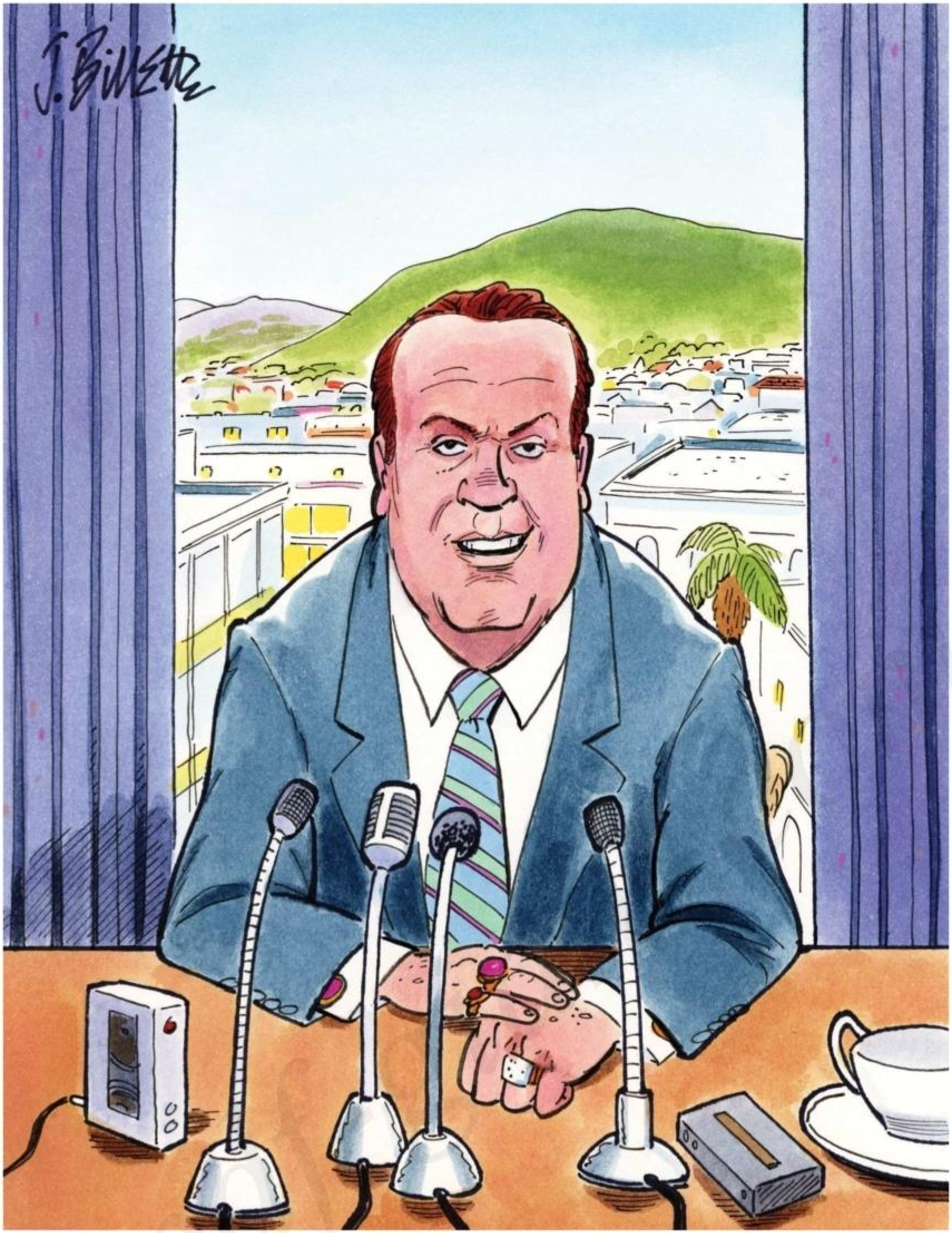

"If, over the years, HUSTLER has offended any members of Congress or any elected official given the public trust, I want them all to know from the bottom of my heart...I really don't give a shit!"

SEPTEMBER 2013
Volume 40 Number 3
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

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Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
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Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

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Cover photo by Chase Diamond

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THE FIRST CASUALTY

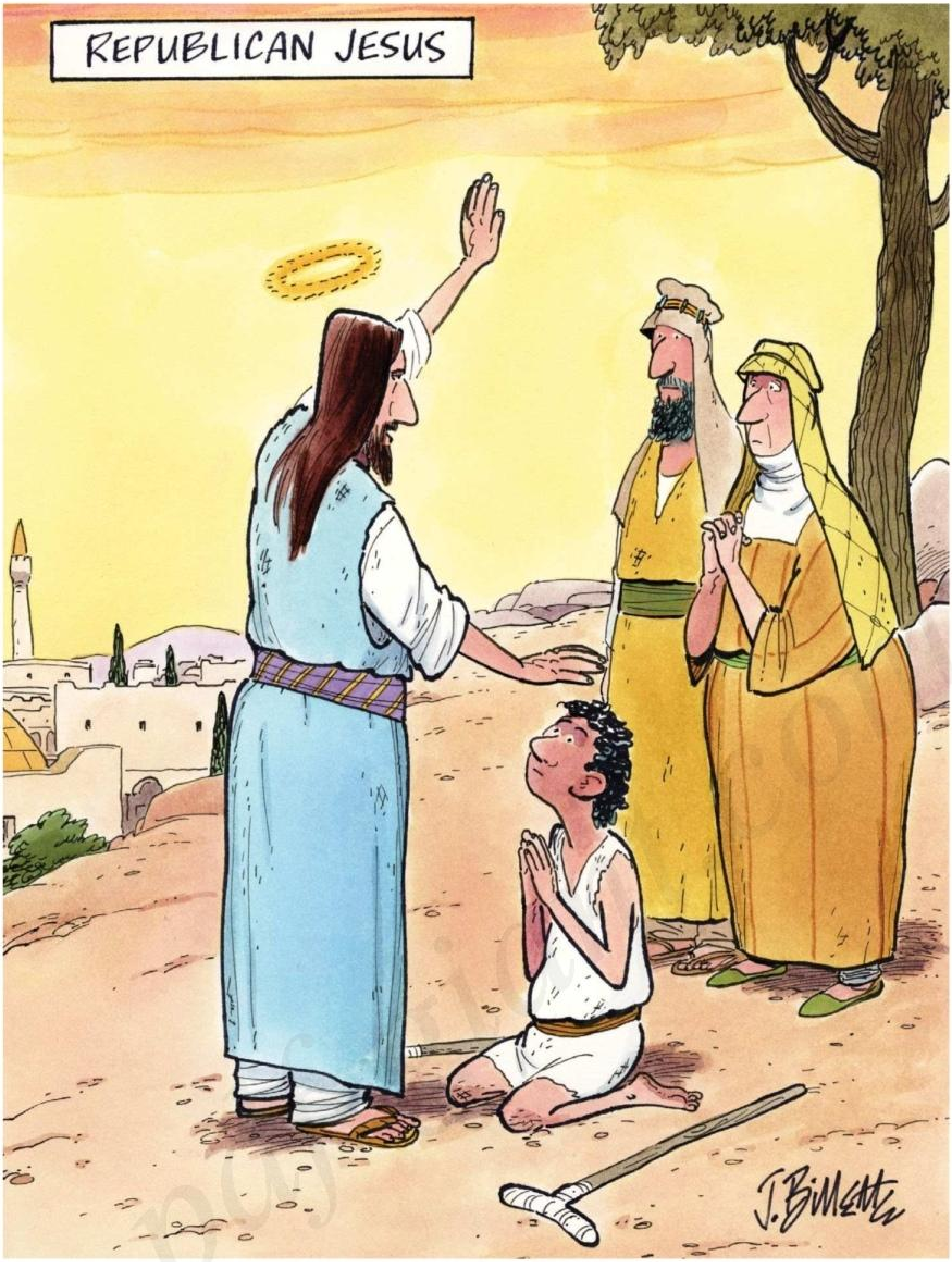
There's been a lot of talk about the death of true journalism. I couldn't agree more that the trend away from firsthand, on-the-ground reporting is regrettable. But even more alarming is that journalism is now, literally, more deadly than ever. According to multiple sources, including Reporters Without Borders, 2012 was the deadliest year on record for journalists throughout the world. In addition to the at least 88 killed, many more were beaten, intimidated or imprisoned. This year is on track to be just as hazardous for both professional reporters and the growing number of citizen journalists we rely on to fill the information gaps left by mainstream corporate media.

This trend represents the most brutal form of censorship. Reporting should not be a suicide mission. But regimes and individuals with things to hide know that killing the messenger has a powerful, chilling effect. As journalism gets more dangerous, fewer people will be willing to engage in the tough work of accurate investigative reporting.

It's no accident that the framers of our Constitution included freedom of the press as an integral part of the First Amendment. A country without a free press is no longer free. History has proven that a functioning journalistic sector is vital to a civilized, progressive society. We need to know the whole truth so we can fix what's broken. Truth is not only the first casualty of war; it's also the first one of a dying democracy.

As a publisher who has fought in the trenches against censorship, I call on all governments to loudly condemn the growing attacks on journalists and aggressively pursue anyone responsible for trying to silence the free press. This deadly trend must be reversed.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Arise, my son, you are healed. That'll be $12,000!"

KISS YOUR PRIVACY GOODBYE

THE FOURTH AMENDMENT IS BEING RIPPED TO SHREDS BY WALL STREET MERGERS, UNCLE SAM'S WAR ON TERROR AND THE HIGHEST COURT IN THE LAND.

Ever read the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution? Probably not, or you—like most Americans—would not be so accepting of its demise as a pillar of the freedoms guaranteed to us by the Bill of Rights. The Fourth is the one that guarantees "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures. …"

As the wording of the amendment clearly states, it's not just your home that is your castle. Dating back to the late 12th century, when English common law was first taking shape, this principle granted a person sovereignty over his space even if a tyrannical monarch was sitting on the throne. The Fourth Amendment goes further than that, extending your sovereignty over "houses, papers, and effects." So even when you are traveling beyond the confines of your domicile, your fundamental right to a private space is protected.

That space can only be invaded by agents of the state under the Fourth Amendment's narrowly prescribed parameters: "no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

How much clearer could the framers of our Constitution have made it? They knew exactly the dangers they were describing: agents, acting on behalf of King George III, who would conduct general sweeps through the homes of rebellious colonists as a means of enforcing blind obedience and squelching any rumblings of revolution. Privacy of home and thought was not some perk of leisure to the founders but rather the bedrock on which free citizens could stand.

Better tell that to New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg, who has defended the increasingly widespread use of drones to spy on every second of our most personal activity. Easy for Bloomberg. As one of the country's richest men, he can no doubt find heavily guarded sanctuaries to provide him with virtually impenetrable privacy. His advice to the rest of us on his weekly radio show was that privacy is doomed: "You can't keep the tides from coming in. We're gonna have more visibility and less privacy. I don't see how you stop that."

What a cop-out to liken calculated assaults by state and private snoopers on our most intimate affairs to the natural rise and fall of sea levels dictated by the gravitational pull of the moon and sun along with Earth's rotation. Snooping is dictated by the eagerness of snoopers, official or private, and their unconstitutional antics can be banned as a matter of law. But that doesn't seem to be the case.

For example, back in 1999, Congress repealed the Glass-Steagall Act, permitting insurance companies, investment houses and commercial banks to merge. At the time, privacy advocates pointed out that this would permit the consolidation of massive medical and financial databases. They called for a statutory requirement that an individual's records could not be shared without their express consent. Under pressure from the banking lobbyists eager to exploit this new trove of personal information, Congress rejected that safeguard. What should be confidential is now public.

Unfortunately, in 2001 that assault on our privacy rights was followed by the so-called War on Terror in response to the 9/11 attacks. The pretext of fighting foreign enemies has led to a massive expansion of warrantless surveillance of our phone calls and emails without any of the safeguards enshrined in our Constitution.

Earlier this year the Supreme Court threw out a challenge to this surveillance on the grounds that since it is secret, we citizens have no basis for claiming we are being spied on even though the government concedes it is doing just that.

So much for the Fourth Amendment and your privacy rights. **H**

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

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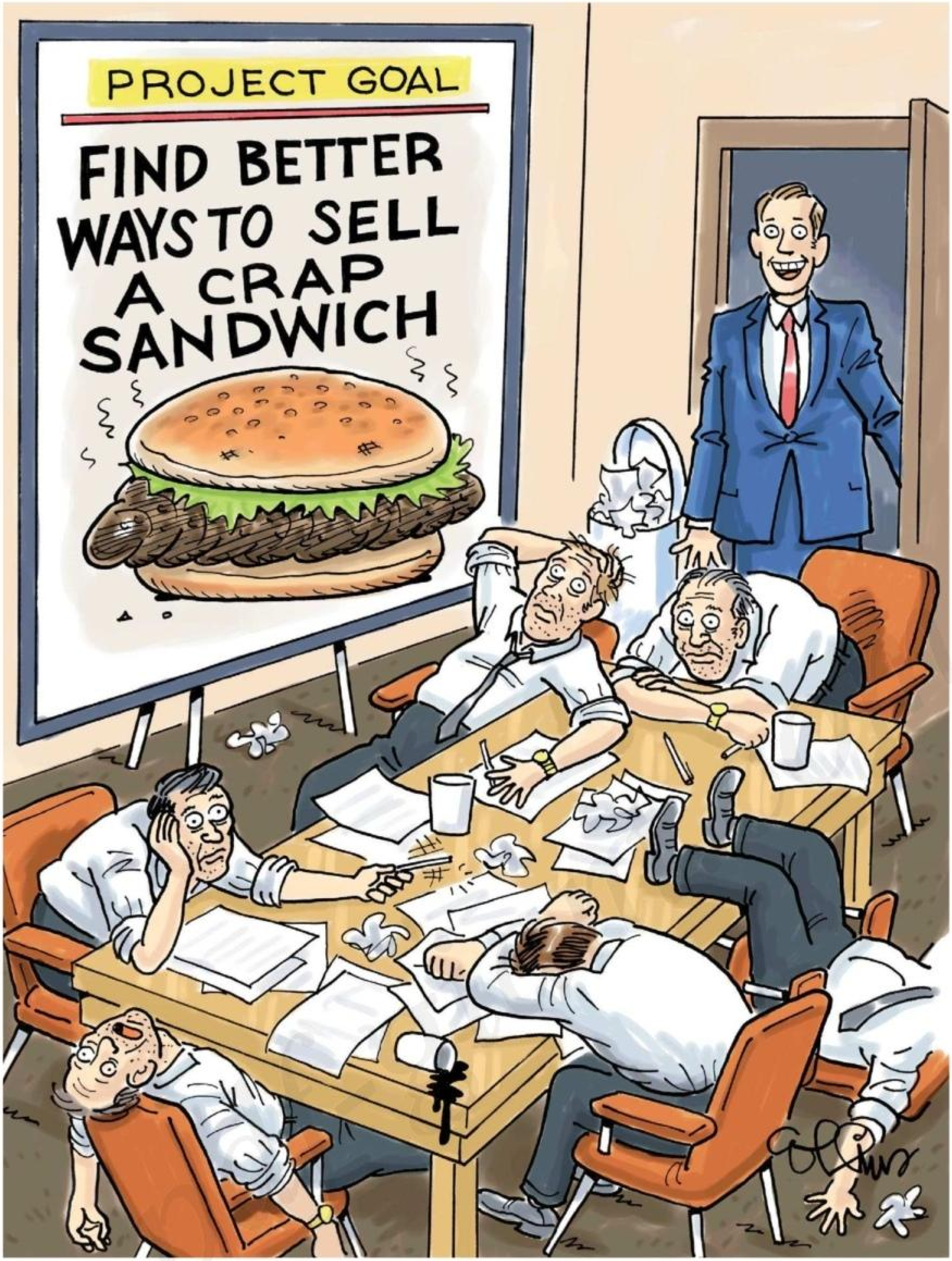

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"How's the GOP rebranding effort coming along?"

BOLD MOVE

LOOKING AHEAD TO 2016, MAVERICK REPUBLICAN RAND PAUL AMPS UP HIS DEFENSE OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS.

Impressed by his insistent, often-solitary championing of civil liberties in the U.S. Senate, I twice wrote that Rand Paul should be our next President. But at that time I knew it was just a pipe dream because the Republican's national name recognition was so low. Now, thanks to his filibuster during the Senate's ultimate confirmation of John Brennan as CIA director, Paul has become a viable 2016 candidate. Even more surprising, Kentucky's junior senator barely uttered a word about Brennan throughout the electric 13 hours he spent addressing his fellow lawmakers on March 6, 2013.

Two days later this new media phenomenon made his goal much clearer in a *Washington Post* op-ed titled "My filibuster was just the beginning."

For years I've been complaining in HUSTLER about the apathy of Congress and much of the country with regard to how the Bush-Cheney regime and then Obama's formulated their own rules of law against terrorism. That's why Rand Paul "wanted to sound an alarm bell from coast to coast. I wanted everybody to know that our Constitution is precious and that"—dig this, fellow citizens—"no American should be killed by a drone without first being charged with a crime. As Americans, we have fought long and hard for the Bill of Rights. The idea that no person shall be held without due process, and that no person shall be held for a capital offense without being indicted, is a founding American principle and a basic right."

I've been writing again and again that, as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison warned, only We the People can protect our individual liberties under the Bill of Rights. Rand Paul began to do it nationally overnight.

Undoubtedly stung by the enthusiastic approval of Paul's filibuster on Capitol Hill and around the country, Attorney General Eric Holder sent Paul a terse letter that made the libertarian senator believe his hoisting of the Bill of Rights had been successful up to a point: "Does the President have the authority to use a weaponized drone to kill an American not engaged in combat on American soil? The answer to that question is no."

But Paul is far from silenced. In his op-ed, he added that "my filibuster was the beginning of the fight to restore a healthy balance of powers. ...The Constitution's Fifth Amendment [granting due process and other protections] applies to all Americans; there are no exceptions."

Besides celebrating that "millions have followed this debate on TV, Twitter and Facebook," Paul went on to say that "I hope my efforts help spur a national debate about the limits of executive power and the scope of every American's natural right to be free. ... I believe the support I received this past week shows that Americans are looking for someone to really stand up and fight for them. And I'm prepared to do just that."

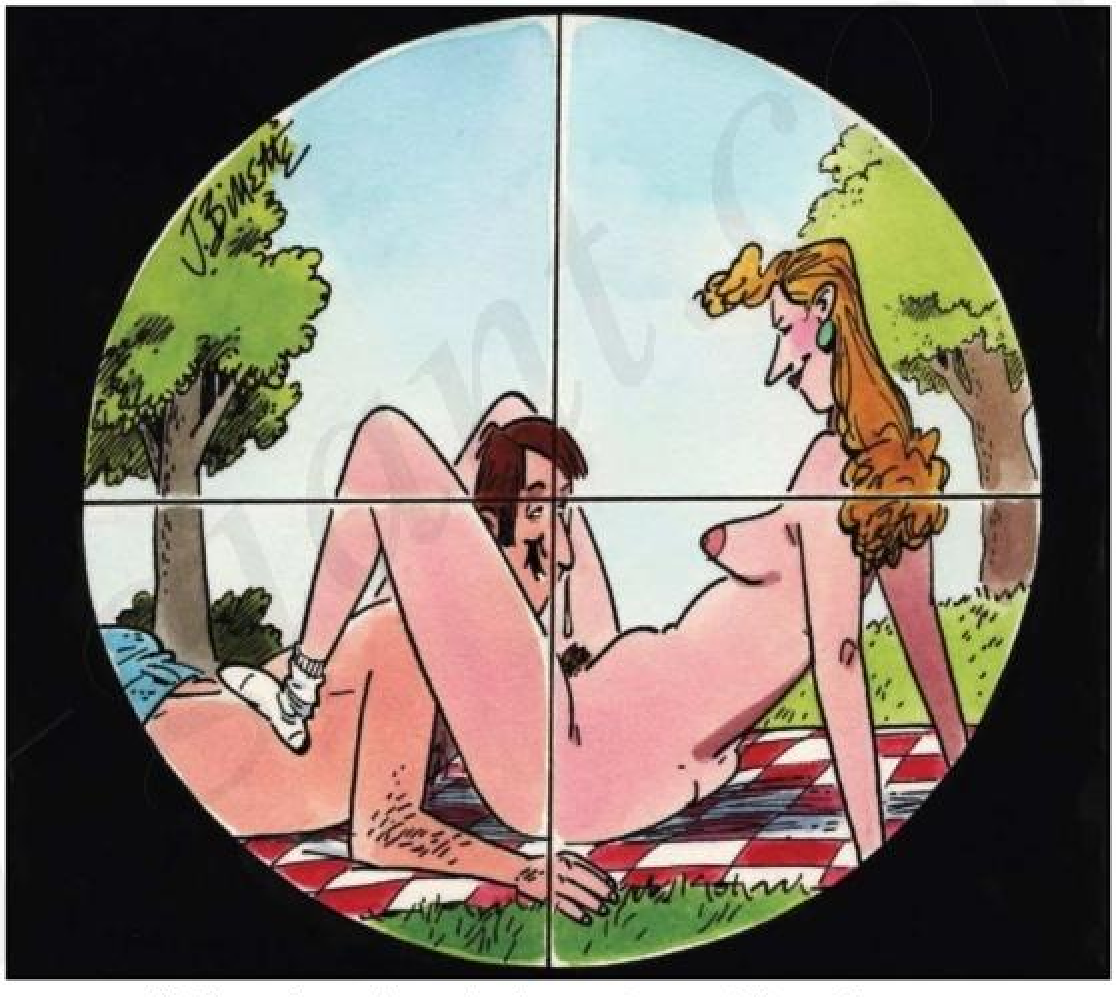
The longer-range significance of Senator Paul's 13-hour fire alarm is that more of us who do not call ourselves libertarians—or even know what the term means—have been jolted out of the conditioning of Bush-Cheney and Obama's "new normal" that has increasingly abolished personal privacy. Nevertheless, Americans reelected a President who insists he can order the military to imprison Americans right here in the Land of the Free without habeas-corpus rights for supposedly being "involved" or vaguely "supportive" of terrorism.

After years and years of what Justice William Brennan once told me—"The Bill of Rights never gets off the page and into the lives of most Americans"—Rand Paul has spurred numerous citizens to openly criticize the government's attacks on our basic liberties.

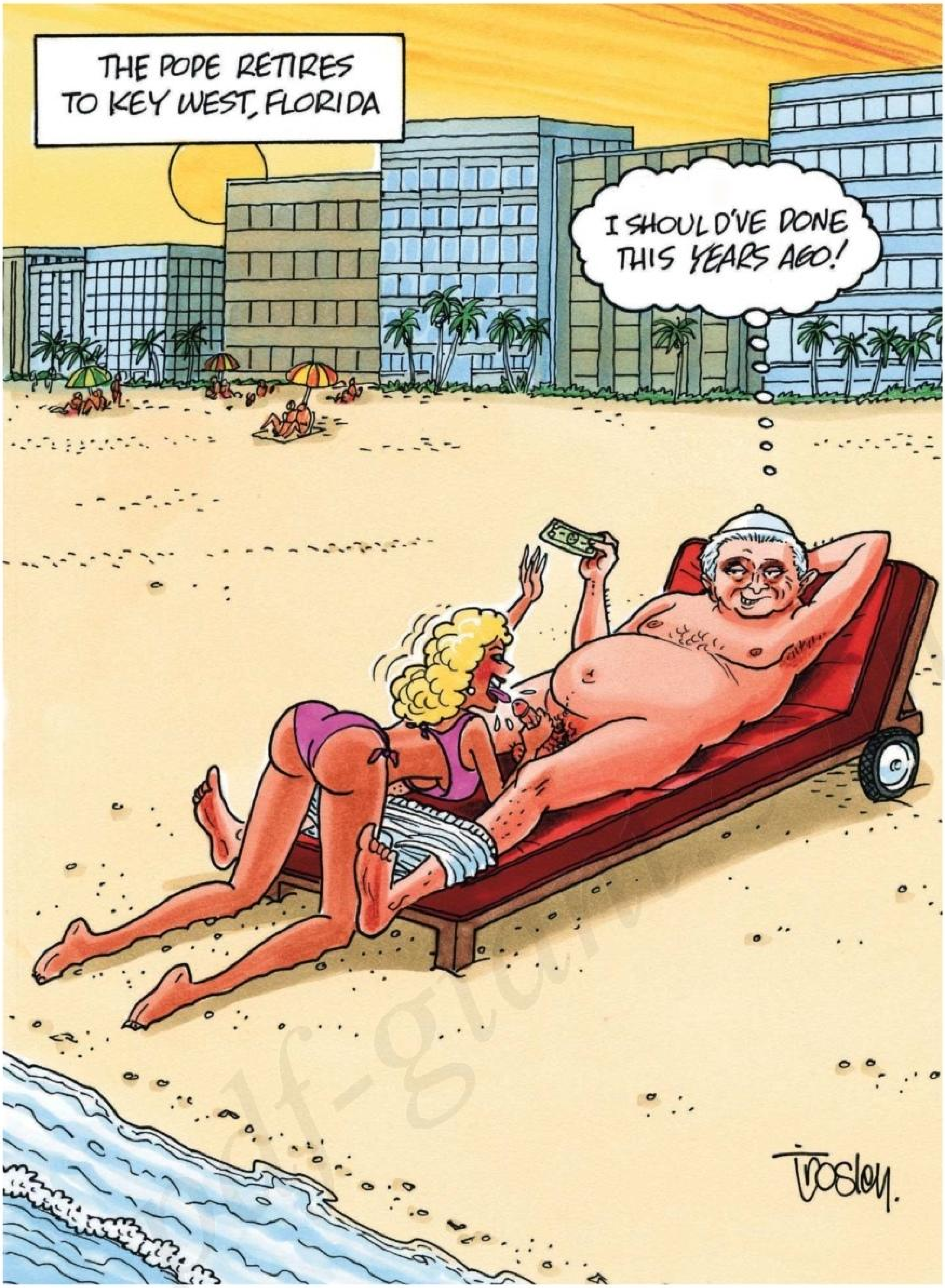
Exemplifying Americans' anger is Rita Lasar, whose letter was printed in the *New York Times* on March 11, 2013: "The idea that any President can kill an American citizen without a trial is abhorrent and frankly scares me more than any act of any 'terrorist.'"

Although Attorney General Holder assures us this is no longer possible on U.S. soil, smashing the "new normal" hinges on knowing that the assurances of recent Presidents and their minions have been plain crap. So Rand Paul's Presidential aspirations, while buoyed by his filibuster, will be fruitless if his fellow Americans don't reeducate themselves on what's guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. It's up to us.

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist, jazz critic and *Washington Post* contributor. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"When does that clueless sniper soldier of yours come home from Afghanistan?"


THE POPE RETIRES TO KEY WEST, FLORIDA
I SHOULD'VE DONE THIS YEARS AGO!
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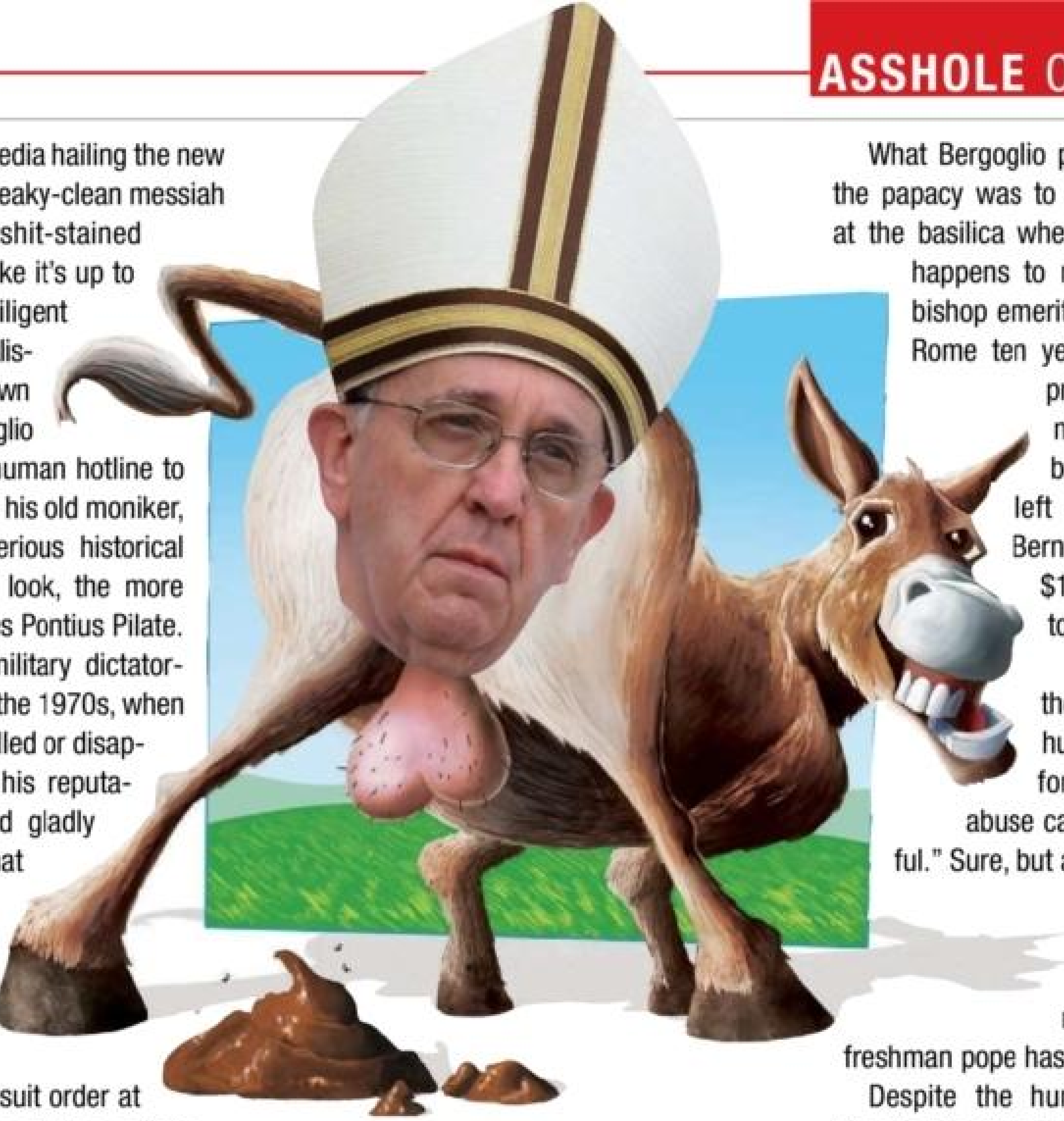


POPE FRANCIS

With the mainstream media hailing the new pope as a cuddly, squeaky-clean messiah for the shamed and shit-stained Catholic Church, it looks like it's up to HUSTLER—and a few diligent historians—to do the journalistic dirty work. Formerly known as Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio from Argentina, the new human hotline to heaven may have dropped his old moniker, but he still has some serious historical baggage. The closer you look, the more this papal savior resembles Pontius Pilate.

During his country's military dictatorship and its "Dirty War" of the 1970s, when scores of resisters were killed or disappeared, Bergoglio honed his reputation as a guy who would gladly bend over for any junta that came along. After all, complying with dictatorships and fascism is a deep-seated tradition in the Catholic Church.

As local head of the Jesuit order at the time, Bergoglio stripped two priests—Orlando Yorio and Francisco Jalics—of their official functions, withdrawing the protections provided by the church. The priests were involved in helping the poor, an activity that smelled to the junta's jackboots a lot like Peronism. Anything Juan Perón and his wife Eva fought for—like democracy, trade unions and care for the underprivileged—was a scourge to the new regime. How dare Jesuit priests follow their vow of charity when they should be rimjobbing the new Butchers of Buenos Aires?

No sooner had Bergoglio made the priests unfair game than they were grabbed by paramilitary thugs and delivered to the torture chambers of the notorious detention camp Escuela Mecánica de la Armada, or ESMA. Later, when people started asking questions, the priests turned up drugged and naked in a field outside Buenos Aires. Yorio later testified that "Bergoglio never warned us. It was him who provided our names to the military." The future pontiff, they charged, even lied to the priests' families about their fate.

As if that weren't disturbing enough, Bergoglio dutifully looked the other way while newborn babies were stolen from detainees and given to regime-friendly families. He claimed he didn't know it was going on, but witnesses under oath swore otherwise.

Bergoglio has consistently invoked privilege and dodged questions about his complicity with the deadly regime that ruled Argentina until 1983. The Catholic Church, of course, denigrates the accusations as the usual anticlerical attacks. Anybody see a pattern here? People accuse the Catholic Church of disgusting deeds; the church denies everything; then it all turns out to be true.

The unsurprising revelations that the Catholic Church turns out to be rife with proven pedophile perverts is by far the Vatican's biggest bummer these days. It tends to put a damper on parents handing their sons over for altar-boy duty when the job likely involves sucking off Father O'Diddley.

Witness the Grassi affair. Father Julio César Grassi was a priest in Buenos Aires who founded a charity called Happy Children. Creepy already, right? Turns out, the charity was his personal groping pen. Bergoglio and Grassi were bosom buddies, so the future pope vouched for him even though Grassi was a convicted child molester!

Pope Francis, whose name supposedly comes from St. Francis of Assisi (we suspect it was actually borrowed from Francis the Talking Mule) is obviously the clean-up guy whose job is to sweep the whole nasty child-rape chapter under the chapel carpet. In full bury-the-bodies mode, the Vatican is loudly proclaiming that "what is important is what the Holy Father does now."

What Bergoglio promptly did upon nailing the papacy was to get in some prayer time at the basilica where Cardinal Bernard Law happens to reside. Law is the archbishop emeritus of Boston, who fled to Rome ten years ago when his shitty practice of protecting child-molesting priests hit the big fan. The archdiocese left behind by Dirty Uncle Bernie has since paid out over $100 million in settlements to victims.

Francis, of course, gave the old prick a big papal hug, something advocates for survivors of priestly abuse called "extraordinarily hurtful." Sure, but ain't that a Catholic Church specialty? First Grassi, now Law. Makes you wonder just how many pervert pals the freshman pope has.

Despite the humanitarian hype around Francis, his cultural attitudes are still stuck in the days of the Inquisition. When Argentina's president pushed for a gay-marriage bill, Francis bayed that it was "a destructive attack on God's plan" and "the devil's work." As for the pro-choice movement, it's an insidious "culture of death." Let's be honest. Francis the Mule would never have become pope if he had any intention of rattling the church's entrenched dogma about women, gays or anything involving penises entering anything (other than children).

Some pope-watchers do, however, speculate that Francis could soften up one bit of traditionally Viagra-hard dogma, namely the church's old condom phobia—probably under pressure from the mass of fornicating padres. He's even said the celibacy rule isn't a matter of faith and "can change." Time to bust out the blessed ultra-thins!

Ultimately, whatever good Francis might do, he is still the head of the world's most relentlessly evil institution. The Catholic Church's extended, Satanic history of corruption, torture, greed and perversity has caused so much misery and harm, it's going to take more than one old coot in slippers to turn it around. The only pope we'd hail would be the last one. So our appeal to Pope Francis is this: Admit to the world that catholicism was a sick prank that's gone on way too long and just shut the whole thing down. Sure, you'll go to hell, but admit it: You were on your way there anyway. H

VETERAN VAGINAS

Elizabeth Starr's gravity-defying mammaries.

Fans of old-school porn flocked to Las Vegas for the induction of a new class into the Legends of Erotica Hall of Fame at Showgirls Video. Among those honored were Alexandra Silk and Elizabeth Starr. It's nice to see an industry treating its elders with utter respect. When a *Bits & Pieces* editor gets too enfeebled to perform his duties, the old-timer is wheeled off the assembly line, zapped with a stun gun and fed to a pack of wildebeests.

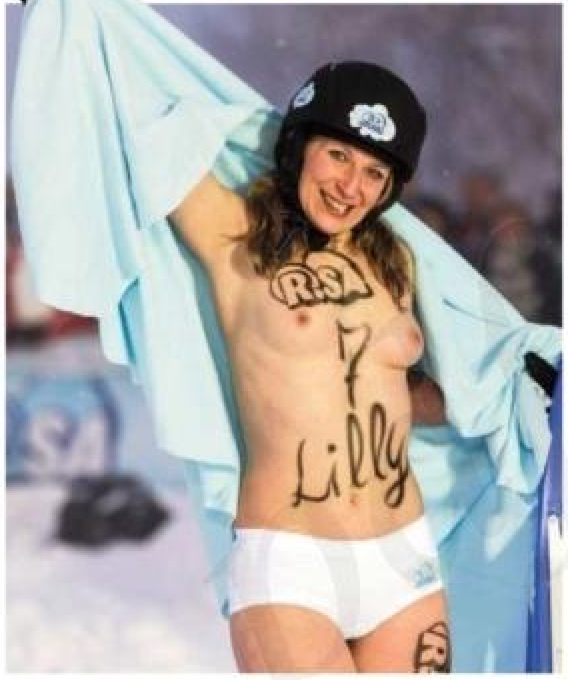
Alexandra Silk flashes away.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"Physics is like sex: Sure, it may give some practical results, but that's not why we do it." **—RICHARD FEYNMAN, SCIENTIST**

SEXY SLEDDERS

Summer, like all good things, must come to an end. For those of you already dreading the inevitable arrival of another vicious winter, here are some photos to make you reconsider your contempt for the cold. These sizzling images were snapped during a "nude" sledding event in Altenberg, Germany. See, winter ain't so bad—as long as you have an ample supply of schnapps and snow bunnies at hand.



PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES

CELEBRITY FANTASY

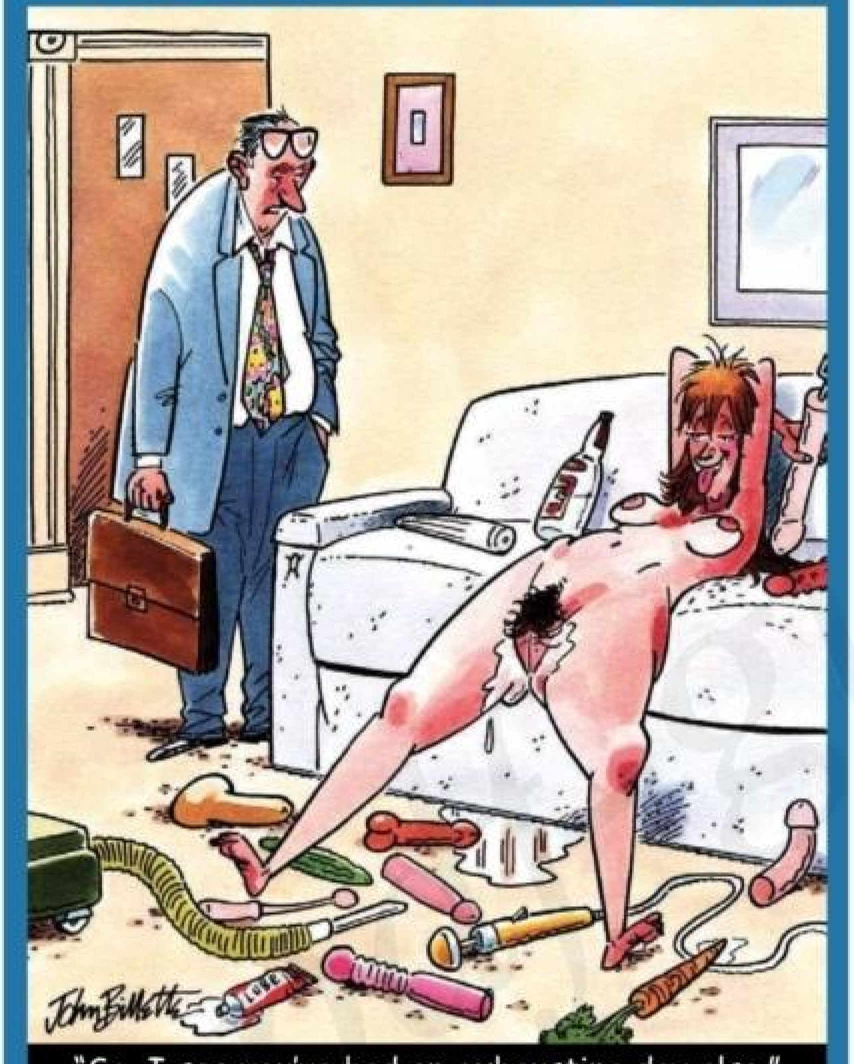
WHAT WOULD *Jennifer Lawrence* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Now that she's an Oscar winner, Jennifer Lawrence is finally famous enough for us to grant her Hollywood's highest honor: a HUSTLER wiener to chew on. We think it's an appropriate gift for a gal who seems to only pick film projects with sexually suggestive titles. For example, she got her big break in *Winter's Bone*, played a supporting role in *The Beaver* and took home an Academy Award for her work in *Vaginal Lining Playbook*. Isn't that what it was called?

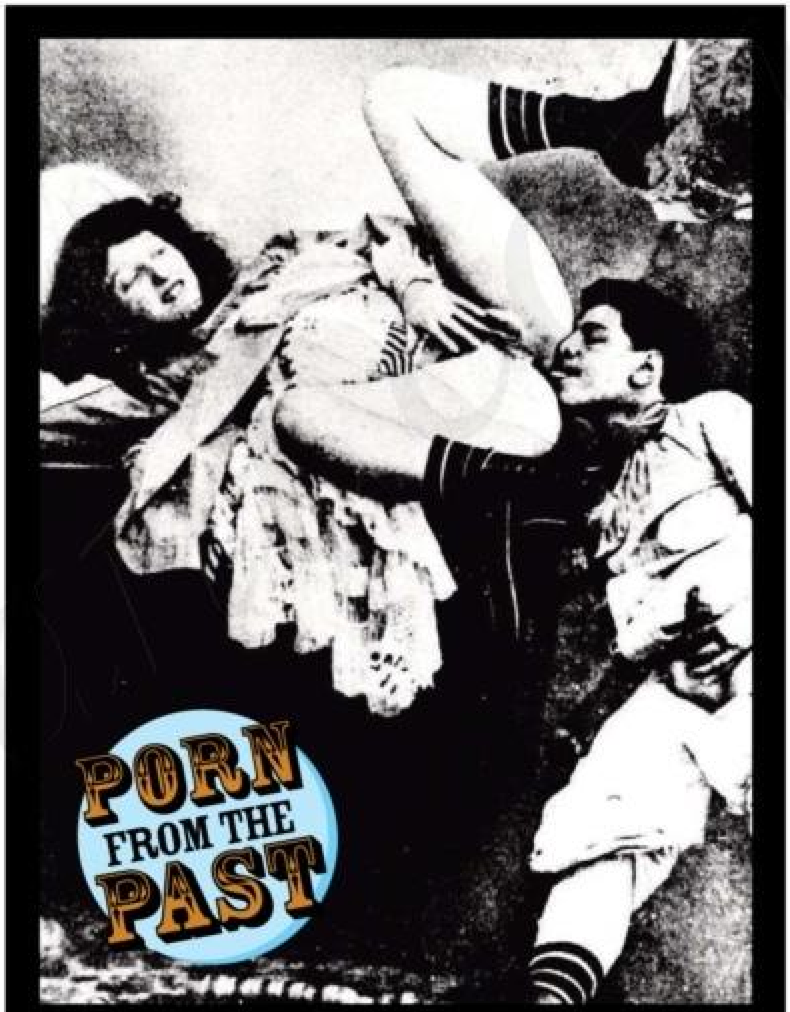
DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jennifer Lawrence actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a hot-gushing, butt-cramping, gut-hosing orgasm." —CHUCK PALAHNIUK, AUTHOR

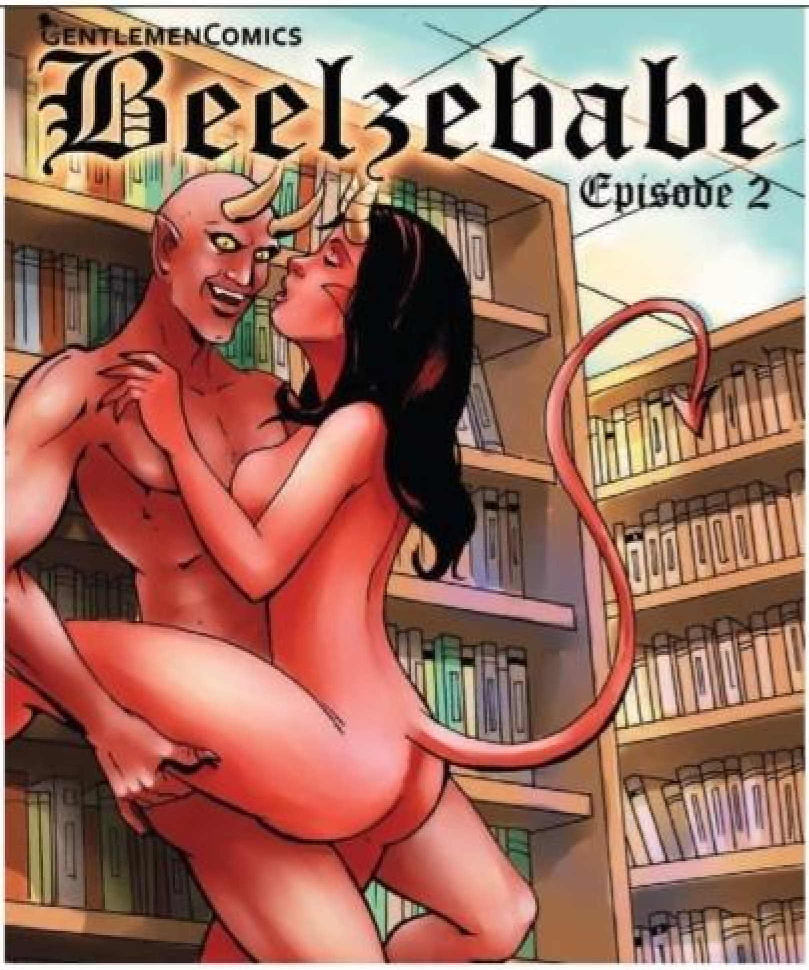
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"So, I see you've had an exhausting day also."



This recently unearthed snapshot depicts a great moment in sexual history: the world's first rimjob. Unfortunately, this duo never got credit for the innovation, which was stolen from them and patented years later by none other than Thomas Edison. Thanks to R.T. of Pulaski, Virginia, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



YOU LIKE THAT?
OOOOH YEAH! DEEPER!

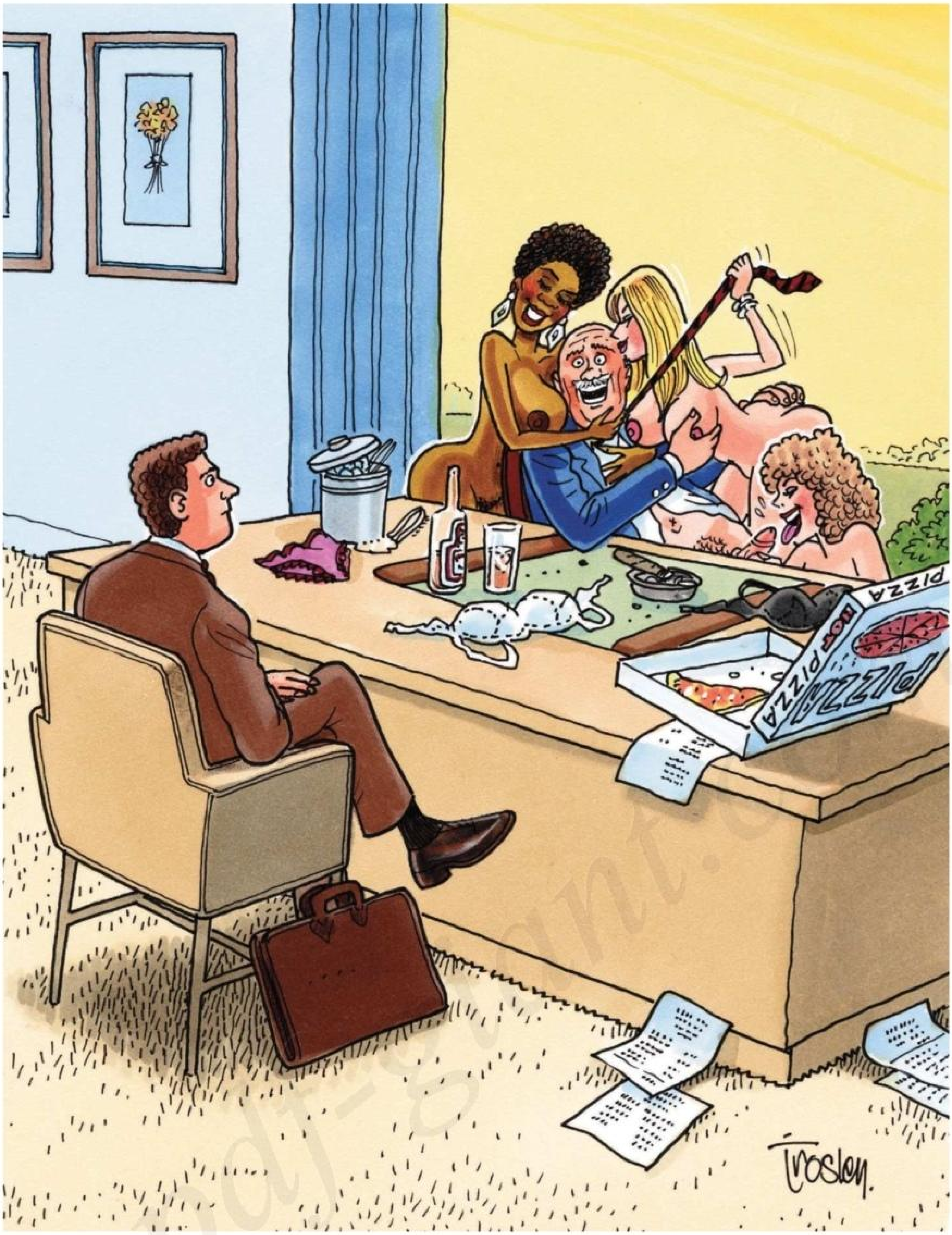
DEMONIC BOOBS

If you love graphic novels and masturbating equally but find yourself unable to whack off to stories about brooding superheroes, please allow Gentlemen Comics to come to the rescue. Filling a niche in the booming graphic-novel business, the innovative publisher delivers adult-themed comics (including titles like *Beelzebabe* and *Ninja Cat Maid*) right over the Internet. To check out more of its illustrious offerings, visit **GentlemenComics.com**.

PULL IT OUT! PULL IT-- OH, YES!!!

NO!! YOU CAN'T!!!
LIKE JOE SAID...

"Leaving sex to the feminists is like letting your dog vacation at the taxidermist." **—CAMILLE PAGLIA, WRITER**



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Spread the Love

First off, HUSTLER is by far the greatest adult magazine of all time, and it went even beyond that when I got the May '13 issue! You guys featured two of the most gorgeous girls in the world in your *Beaver Hunt* amateur showcase: Naiya and Aivalia Do'Urden.

Naiya has a very pretty face, not to mention an extremely well-kept pussy! I want to see her and Aivalia in full layouts! And please bless me with a full view of Aivalia's pussy! Until then, I'll be fantasizing about it!

Finally, Naiya mentioned in her story that she is bi-curious. How about Naiya and Aivalia together in a girl/girl layout? I would really like to see those two going down on each other's pussies! HUSTLER rules!

—Larry Weller Jr.
Narvon, Pennsylvania

Look for more of Naiya (above) and Aivalia Do'Urden down the line.

Trigger-happy

In the May '13 issue of HUSTLER, Mr. Flynt wrote a *Publisher's Statement* about the Second Amendment and gun ownership ["It's Not Just Guns"]. Every hunter knows full well we do not need military-style weapons to hunt, and it is completely understandable you would feel the need for gun control.

You warned that those of us who own guns should not underestimate our enemy's firepower. Mr. Flynt knows better than most what happens when the government attempts to take away any of our Constitutional rights. Perhaps the ones you should be warning are those bent on taking away our rights.

It did not turn out well for the British when they tried to tell a group of Americans what to do, and it will not work out well for those who choose to deny us our inalienable rights granted not by man but our creator.

When our government takes away our guns, your magazine will be next. **—H.S.**

North Collins, New York

Ageless Angels

Thank you for running classic pictorials from the '70s and '80s, especially Christy Canyon [September '11], Candi Evans [May '13] and Cha Cha [June '13]. It's been a wank down mammary lane for me.

I remember being a teenager and busting nut after nut to these pictorials. Over the years, I lost my original issues and forgot about the pictorials. Thank you for bringing them back. **—Duke Tacoma**

Chicago, Illinois

Scarlet Fever

I'm a die-hard fan of the University of Alabama Crimson Tide. When I opened up the May '13 *Beaver Hunt* section and saw and read about [fellow fan] Scarlet, I was ten times happier than the night we won the 2012 National Championship game against Notre Dame.

Being a native of Alabama, I'll be the first to say we have some of the hottest homegrown babes on the planet. You've already displayed this a couple of times with *Beaver Hunt* beauty Aryana Augustine from Tallassee, Alabama [December '11 and December '12].

Beaver Hunt *hottie Scarlet had one fan rushing to a fantasy touchdown after the University of Alabama nabbed another gridiron championship.*

As soon as I saw Scarlet's beautiful body and what we had in common, I had to drop my pants and work my cock as fast as Eddie Lacy ran for a touchdown. I finally sprayed my seed and waited patiently until I was able to make the next drive down the field of fantasy with this beauty. I hope Scarlet makes it back in a layout.

I'm sure there are other readers who will agree. Please bring us more Scarlet, and Roll Tide Roll.

—M.T
Newport News, Virginia

Belle Ringer

I would like to suggest that you do a feature article on Dr. Brooke Leigh Magnanti aka Belle de Jour, on whom the *Secret Diary of a Call Girl* TV series was based. I recently finished reading her book *The Sex Myth: Why Everything We're Told Is Wrong*. It is obvious to me that she is a highly intelligent woman with a number of important things to say.

I would also like to suggest that Elin Nordegren, Tiger Woods's ex-wife, may be a good candidate for your *Asshole of the Month* column. Keep up the good work!

—Rosco Roberts
Huron, South Dakota

A Belle de Jour article isn't a bad idea, Rosco. Although for Elin, we'd much rather put a dick in her mouth.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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ALYSSA REECE

RESTLESS HEART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

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As a hardworking model and porn star, **Alyssa Reece** spends a lot of her life on the road. "I travel all over for shoots, but mostly I divide my time among Los Angeles, Vancouver and Munich," she says. "My schedule can get a little insane, but I always find time for fun!"

Alyssa considers herself to be bisexual, but her film partners have been primarily female. "I'm lucky because I've gotten to work with so many beautiful chicks," the two-time AVN Award nominee declares.

Even when she's not on the clock, **Alyssa** enjoys performing. "I make my own sex tapes," she reveals. "But those are just for private viewing. If I'm away from a person I want to be with, I've been known to do phone sex too. I'm always willing to put on a show for my lovers!"

ALYSSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Vancouver, Canada** | AGE: **27** | BIRTH SIGN: **Taurus** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | WEIGHT: **110**

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ORIGINAL Sins

Priya Rai's Spiritual Journey

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

If you're looking for someone to dispel the old cliché that a fucked-up childhood can land you in porn, don't bother talking to Priya Rai. After surviving a hell full of rapists and Jesus freaks, hardcore has become a sanctuary. But while her fans feast on her voluptuous looks, Priya's search for inner peace continues.

Priya Rai was molested by her adopted older brother when she was eight years old. Then life got harder. Much harder.

"*Om bhur bhuvah svah*," Priya chants. I'm at the Self-Realization Fellowship Lake Shrine, a ten-acre spiritual sanctuary in Pacific Palisades, California, watching the exotic beauty recite an ancient Indian meditative prayer for inner peace. "*Tat savitur varenyam*," she continues louder. "*Bhargo devasya dhimahi. Dhiyo yonah. Prachodayat.*" To me, it sounds like she just had her wisdom teeth pulled, but the strange words clearly have a special effect on the lady intoning them. Priya Rai looks centered, serene and, most amazingly, happy.

Priya has good reason to look for inner tranquility. Along with being molested, she was gang-raped at 15, an unwed mother at 16 and a stripper/mom grinding her ass for diaper money before her 18th birthday. Priya chalks up this cavalcade of cataclysm to a soul-suffocating childhood courtesy of her narrow-minded adoptive parents, who plucked her out of an orphanage in India when she was a baby.

The Bible-thumping Baptists dragged Priya across the globe to Phoenix, Arizona, to raise her with three other adoptees and two biological kids. The plan was to have one big, happy, Jesus-loving family. It didn't work out that way.

"Growing up, from as long as I can remember, I felt like I didn't fit in," Priya tells me. "I was raised among Caucasians, but I wasn't one. When I asked about India, my parents would get offended. They would say, 'Why can't you be happy here?'"

There was no reason for Priya to be happy. "I was an outcast in school," she recalls. "The class weirdo. People wouldn't let their kids play with me. When I got older, boys would make dates to meet me somewhere and then not show up. It was horrible."

Home life was no better. "My adopted mom was a bitch," Priya says. "I just did what I was told, to get along. I learned not to verbalize, not to ask questions. Even when my older brother molested me, my mother didn't want to hear about it. Communication didn't exist in my house."

No communication. Just repression, fear and ignorance in the name of the Lord. Priya's mother didn't even tell her what a menstrual period was. When Priya started to bleed unexpectedly one day, a friend at school had to explain to the terrified girl what was going on. To Mom, menstruation represented the fall of Eve in the Garden of Eden. Young teen Priya had to suffer the consequences of Original Sin colliding with massive stupidity.

"The funny thing," Priya remembers, "is that even though religion often meant instilling fear, my family never drove me away from God when I was young. I always liked church. I went every week. It was comforting to me, and it was also fun to get out of the house."

Getting out of the house became her goal. At 14 she made it a reality. Priya told her parents she was leaving and walked out the

door. She lived with friends, then on the street, falling in with bad people. Sadly, a rebellious, naive kid who wanted to get into trouble got her wish times ten. After the gang rape and subsequent pregnancy, the only help her Christ-loving mom and dad had to offer was the news that she was going straight to hell.

A BOOBJOB ADDICTION

To meet Priya Rai today, you wouldn't think she had a care in the world. The scars from a difficult childhood and ensuing battles with alcohol, personal demons and failed romantic relationships don't keep her from having a sunny demeanor, both personally and professionally.

"I respect Buddhism as a religion," Priya explains as we walk among shrines in the Self-Realization Fellowship's manicured gardens. "But I practice a mixture of Eastern philosophy and Western religion. I still go to church at least once a month. I probably don't stick to just one religion because of my repressive upbringing. I couldn't ask any questions back then, so now I ask a lot."

"Do you talk to the family that raised you?" I ask delicately.

"I've learned forgiveness," she replies. "I'm in contact with them all. I get along better with my mother now than I did in years. She battled cancer, and now we finally have some things we can talk about, like wigs and boobjobs. I even talk to the brother who molested me. I blame my parents more than him. He wasn't allowed to be a normal teenage boy."

Priya wasn't always so forgiving. She's the first to admit that she used to be pissed off at the world. "I didn't see my parents for six years. It really hurt to be shut out. I left the church. I kept dancing in clubs and then got into porn to make more money. As a single mom, there was a lot of frustration and stress." Priya started getting boobjobs—four of them—to make herself feel better.

"It's an addiction," she admits. "You want bigger, bigger and bigger." But big boobs didn't make her happy enough. She began to drink—and at first, alcohol seemed to make her life easier. "I thought being drunk was fun," she says. "But before I knew it, I was never drunk enough. I was slurring my words on set, getting a bad professional reputation and becoming more and more depressed."

Priya's management finally sat her down and told her she was destroying her life, then suggested that she might get comfort in the spiritual world. "My agents said to go back to Christianity, Buddhism, self-help tapes, whatever," Priya recalls with a laugh. "Just find something to help get your shit together."

THE SPIRIT WORLD

So Priya went back to God, this time on her own terms. She returned to the Christian church but also adopted a potpourri of Eastern and New Age philosophies, fashioning them all into a psychic regimen that's kept her happily focused on family and career. Today, Priya's hardcore career is red hot, and she's a sober, adoring mother to two teens. "Dwelling on the negatives of the past serves no purpose," she tells me. "I'm more interested in the future."

When Priya says "the future," she means it in a very literal way. She believes in psychics and their power to not only see what's in store for her down the road but also their ability to adjust her *chakra*, a Hindu term for inner energy.

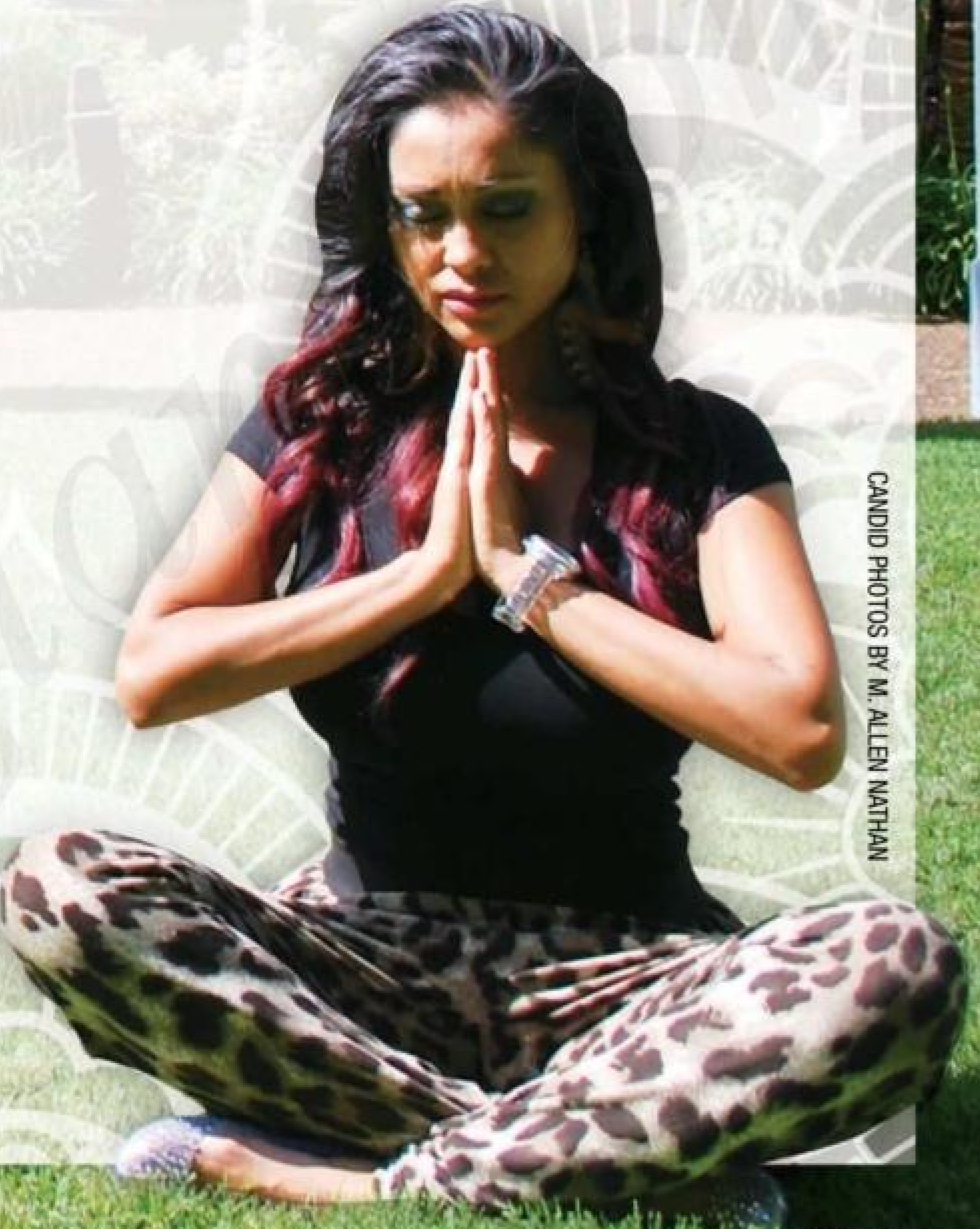
"I have no regrets about being in porn," she confides later that day as we pull up to a small, run-down house with a cheap PSYCHIC sign stuck in its front lawn. "I've been able to experience a lot and travel to wonderful places. But there's something else out there bigger and better for me. I always hope a psychic can help me find what direction I need to go."

This particular spiritual guide holds court in a dump 100 yards from a busy L.A. freeway entrance. The phrase "utter bullshit" pops into my head, but I keep it to myself. Who am I to judge? People have burst into midnight screenings of *The Dark Knight*, AK-47s blazing, with far less mental baggage. Maybe Priya's onto something.

We walk into the house and meet a tired-looking fortysomething who tells a little girl to "play in the other room. Momma's got to talk to this people." The kid instantly nods and exits, clearly familiar with the drill, as "Madame Adrienne" proceeds to study Priya's palms. After a few moments the medium releases them, then lays out a few tarot cards, gazing at them intently.

"I can't guarantee that I'll be able to make a connection to the spirit world," Madame Adrienne abruptly announces. "I'm feeling some negative energy in the room." (Probably the smirk on my face.) "Wait," Adrienne says with a sense of relief. "I'm getting something." Turning to Priya, she intones, "I'm sensing pain in your life. A sense of loss. Have you had a difficult year?"

Personally, I don't think you have to possess the gift of clairvoyance to tell that a woman with gigantic tits in high heels and



CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

skintight clothing, sitting in a psychic's living room, might have had a couple of bumps in her life. But I say nothing. I just listen to Madame Adrienne talk about how she can feel that Priya's *chakra* is very out of balance, how she thinks she can help her and how—if she wants to give her "a Visa or MasterCard right now"—they can set up a series of appointments that will help Priya get her spiritual house back in balance in just a few short months.

Priya takes the pitch in politely but doesn't bite. "That sounds wonderful," she replies noncommittally. "Let me think about it, and I'll get back to you."

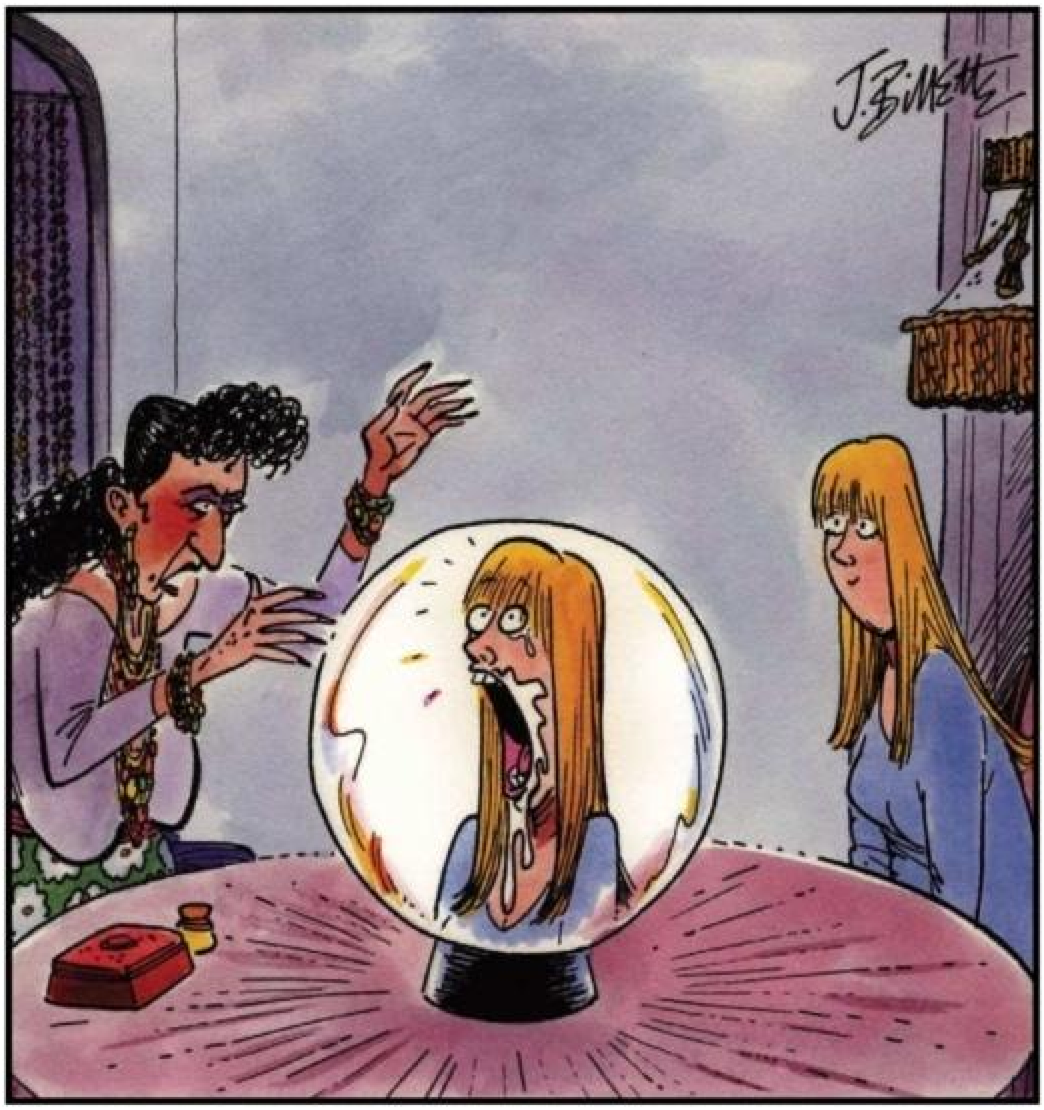
Outside, she tells me she's disappointed in the experience but certainly will keep trying other psychics. "I've been to some amazing people who have known and predicted incredible things about me," she says. "I guess this girl is just trying to make a living. I get that too."

An hour later I watch as Priya schmoozes with other porn stars on a call-in radio show. I can't help but be impressed. Although I know she's looking to get more out of life than what the adult industry provides, Priya's energy and enthusiasm vouch for her commitment to the moment at hand. She giggles like a naughty schoolgirl, talks dirty to the listeners, takes off her top and fondles her boobs. What makes Priya Rai a star is that she makes her fans think they've got a chance of nailing her. Porn is ultimately about fantasy, and the art of make-believe is one of Priya's basic survival skills.

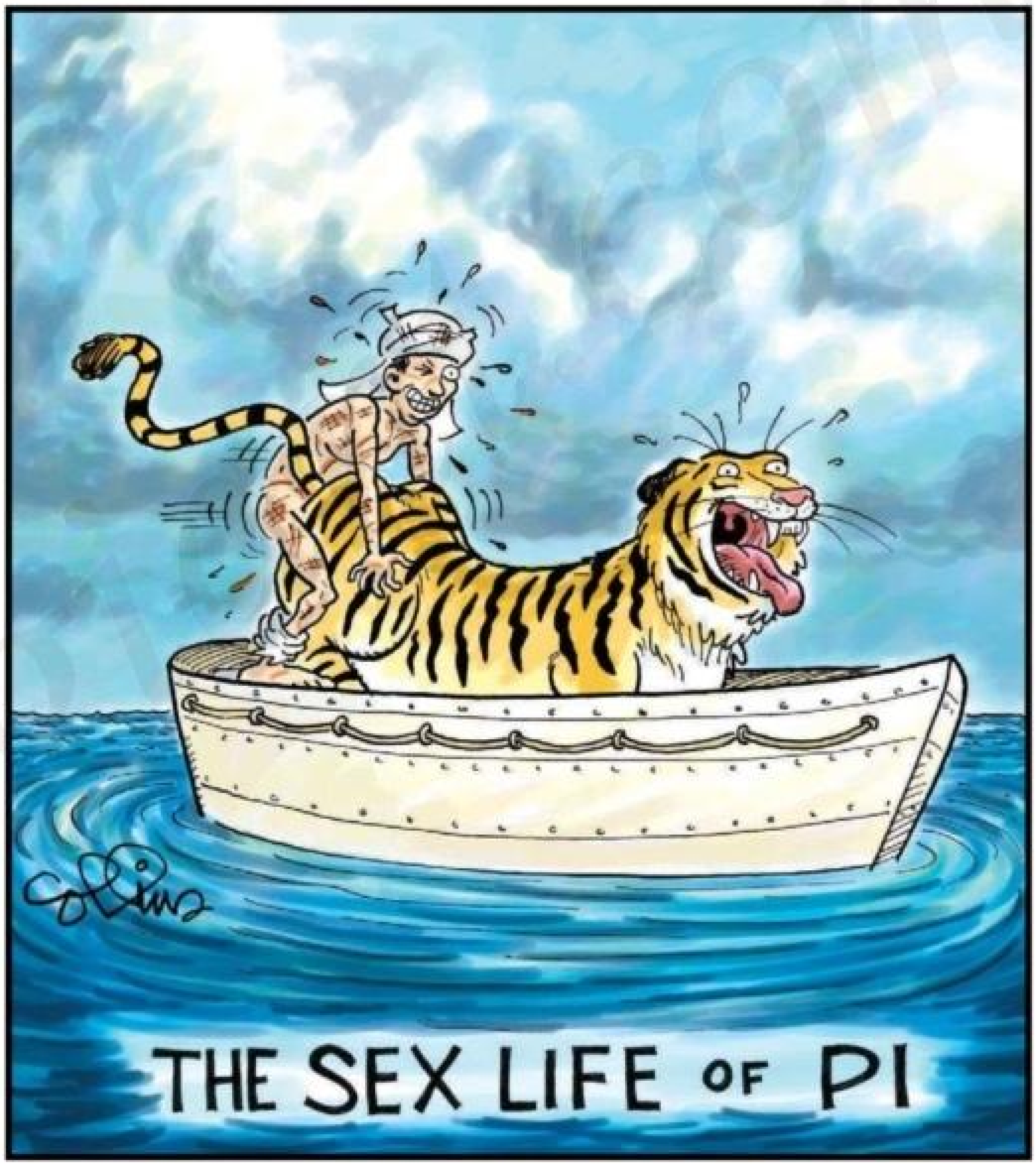
"I have fun whatever I do now," she tells me after the show. "But one day I want a quieter life. Maybe have a farm and take in animals no one else wants. I'd be good at that."

She would. The lady who's been hurt so much only wants to be gentle in return. Angry people of the world should take a lesson and maybe consider chanting.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"You will soon meet a very nice young man...
with an enormous penis!"



THE SEX LIFE OF PI

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CATIE PARKER

FREE SPIRIT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

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"I just want to be naked and share the love," says **Catie Parker** about her outlook on life. "I'm a total hippie at heart." An aspiring photographer and die-hard *Portlandia* fan, the nude-modeling newbie is peace-loving, artsy and funny—but she also has a bit of an edge. "I was taken aback the first time a guy legitimately slapped me in the face during sex," **Catie** recalls. "But it also turned me on."

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CATIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orleans, Indiana** | AGE: **19** | BIRTH SIGN: **Leo** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | WEIGHT: **110**

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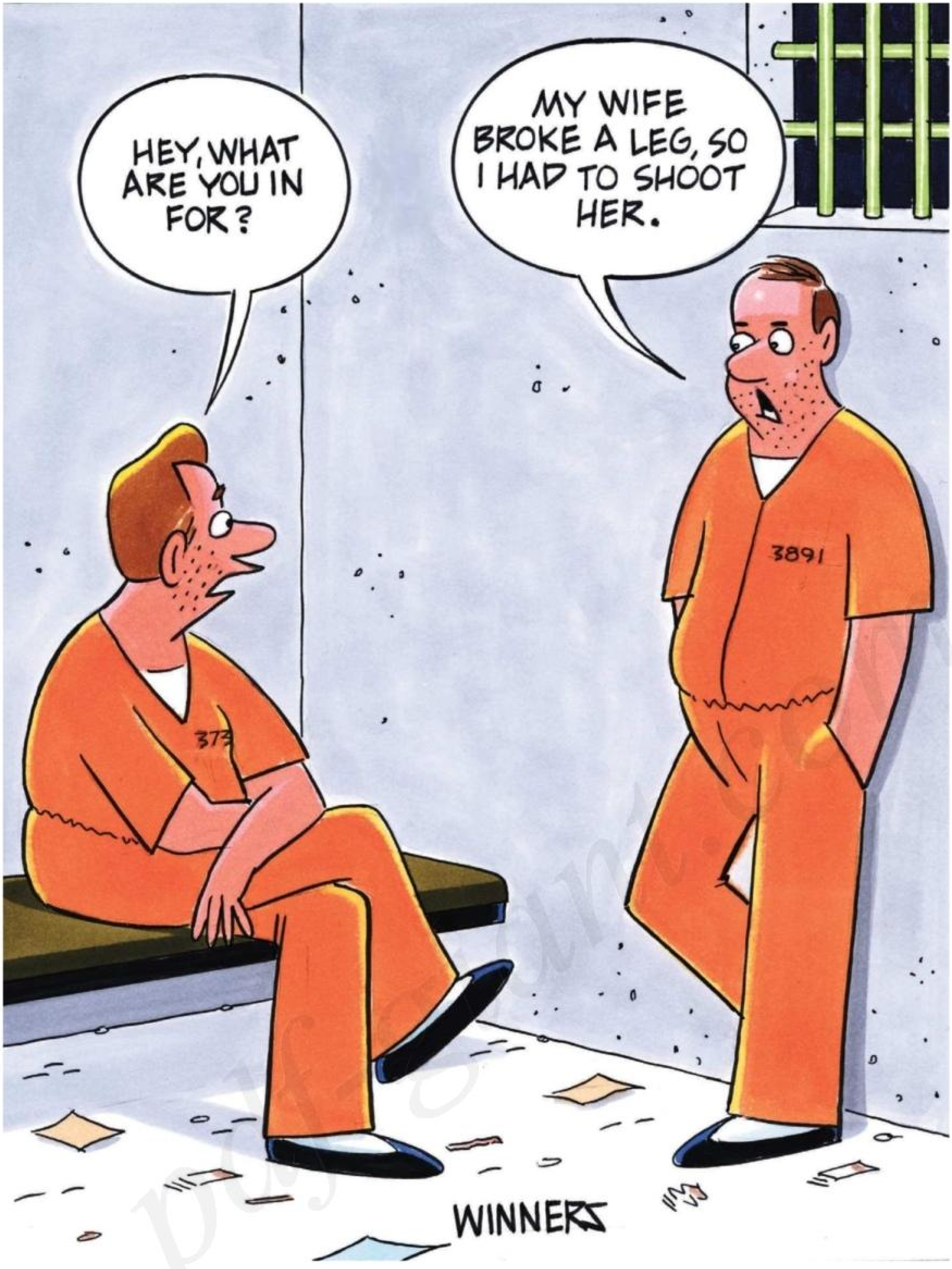
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?
MY WIFE BROKE A LEG, SO I HAD TO SHOOT HER.
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WINNERS

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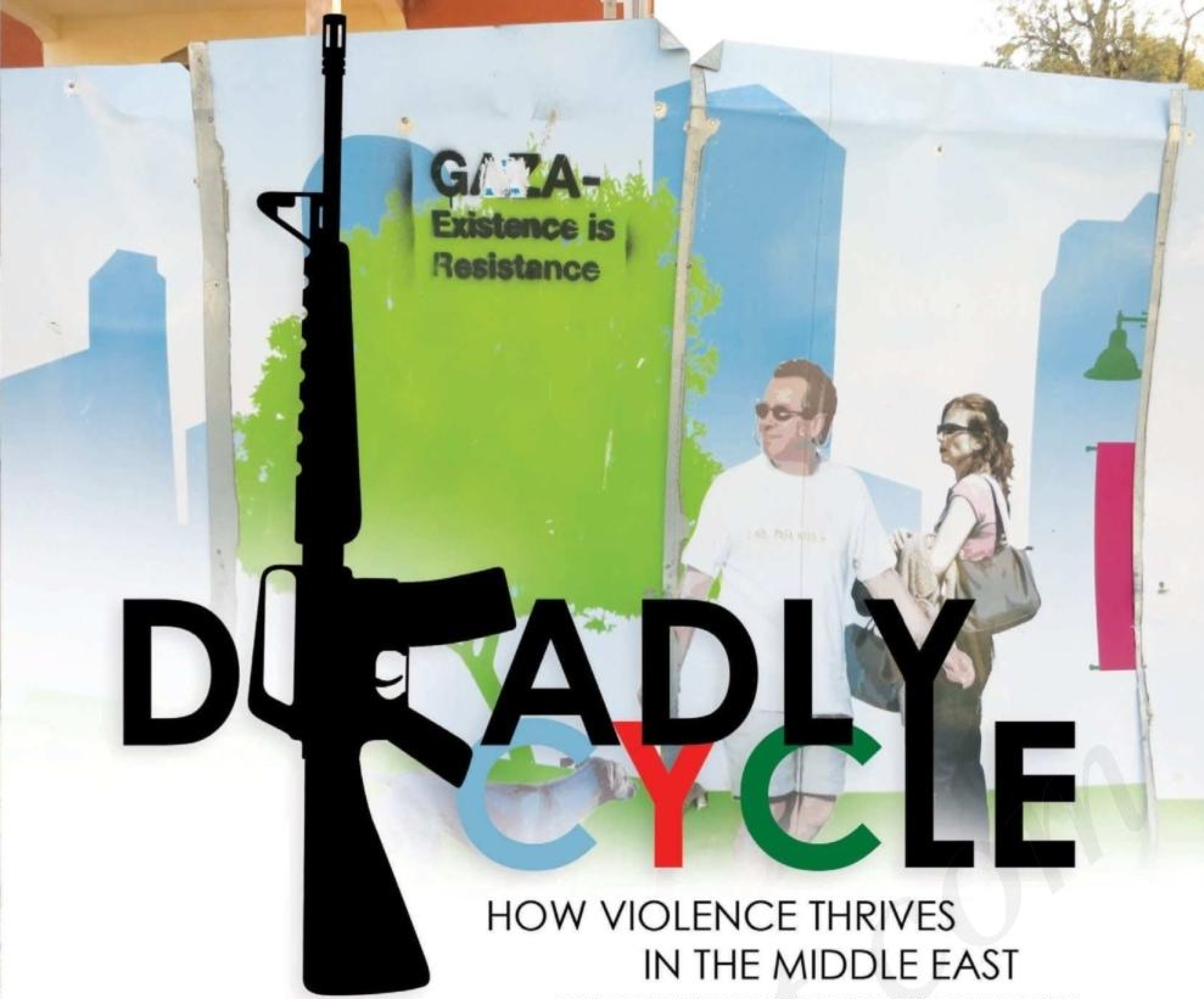


DEADLY CYCLE

HOW VIOLENCE THRIVES IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BY SIMONE WILSON, REPORTING FROM ISRAEL AND GAZA

It's one of the world's most elusive holy grails: lasting peace between Israelis and Palestinians. From a distance the conflict seems absurd. But for the people who live it day to day, the reasons are as real as life and death. As deadly exchanges again flare up, our reporter explores why the emotional wounds on both sides refuse to heal.

The bombs over the Gaza Strip—a small stretch of Mediterranean scrubland along the western coast of Israel, about one-third the size of Los Angeles—often seem to materialize from thin air. In seconds an Israeli F-16 has swooped down over its target, let go its missile with a gut-splitting noise and opened up the earth below into a thunderous well of smoke, flames and flying concrete. After the boom, it takes the people on the ground a few moments to realize if they're dead or alive—if the guy who was sitting next to them is now on the floor with a shard of glass through his skull, or if the sounds of bloody hysteria are coming from farther off, somewhere across war-torn Gaza City.

"It's like you're dying in every second," says Khader al-Kurdi. The 21-year-old college student has lived through four wars and many more small conflicts, the most recent of which stretched over one week in November 2012, leaving over 150 Gazans lifeless under the rubble. But the worst of the violence, recalls al-Kurdi, came in the winter of 2008 when Israel launched Operation Cast Lead. Tanks and soldiers roved the streets and F-16s bombed from above, killing about 1,400 Gazans in three weeks of fighting. The experience "charged me with hate toward Israel," says al-Kurdi.

RECURRING NIGHTMARE

Just a few miles off, in southern Israeli towns such as Sderot and the Sha'ar Hanegev Regional Council (a collection of liberal farming communes called kibbutzim), civilians have

15 to 45 seconds to find a bomb shelter at the first scream of an air-raid siren.

As residents brace for one of Gaza's homemade Qassam rockets to hit, these slow-motion moments of pain anticipation are their own special brand of torture. "When there's an alarm, and all the kids are outside, they're running just like ants," says a sixth-grade teacher at Sha'ar Hanegev Elementary School. "In a few seconds the field is empty. It's like a trigger. They're all programmed to be playing and happy and dancing and skipping, and within one second they switch into emergency mode."

The Israel Defense Forces (IDF) estimates that Hamas—the U.S.-classified terrorist organization that rules Gaza—has hurled more than 8,000 rockets over the fence since Hamas took power in 2006, killing 60 and injuring hundreds more.

If a rocket isn't intercepted by the IDF's advanced "Iron Dome" air-defense system before coming to earth, its random trajectory ensures that no space is safe and no mind at ease. Windows explode, homes shake on their foundations, and shrapnel zings across the gardens of Sha'ar Hanegev's many kibbutzim. "It looks like a big arrow with fire, and when it bombs, it blocks your ears," says Gal, an 11-year-old student at Sha'ar Hanegev Elementary who recently saw a rocket fall in his grandma's front yard. A rocket killed a young boy in the back of a Sha'ar Hanegev school bus in April 2011; and another killed community hero Jimmy Kdoshim, a father of three who was known to drop lollipops to local kids as he flew over the farmland on his parachute.

> *A lot of these kids are liberal-minded but really fed up at the same time. Some of them end up being, like, 'Just kill them all. Why do we have to go through terrorism?'"*

The children of Sderot and Sha'ar Hanegev have heard stories about terrorists getting loose from Gaza on foot too. "I have a recurring nightmare that a man in a keffiyeh [Arab headdress] breaks into the window and shoots me," says Eliav, 11.

ULTIMATE ROADBLOCK

Kids on both sides, when instructed by their parents and headmasters to sit straight in their chairs and speak with the nice American journalist, recite that they don't hate the people on the other side of the wall and that they only want peace. But it's apparent that their mistrust for each other runs deep.

"We educate for peace and mediation and coexistence," says Sha'ar Hanegev principal Anat Regev. "But here it's not so simple because they were born into this situation. They've been bombed all the time. You cannot take it for granted that they will want peace."

Yael Tzalka, an American teaching volunteer at a junior high in Rishon LeZion—which a Hamas rocket narrowly missed in November 2012—observes that "a lot of these kids are liberal-minded but really fed up at the same time. … Some of them end up being like, 'Just kill them all.' They're like, 'Why do we have to go through terrorism?'"

A recent study showed that almost 45% of seventh- and eighth-graders in the Israeli border town of Sderot show signs of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) due to the constant threat of rockets. And in Gaza, researchers say the PTSD rate has shot up to almost 70% among high-school students who live in the region's heavily bombed refugee camps.

Eyad El-Sarraj, one of Gaza's most respected scholars and doctors, has described this endless cycle of psychological trauma as the ultimate roadblock to peace. After Operation Cast Lead he noted in a *New York Times* op-ed that "Palestinian children in the first intifadah [uprising] 20 years ago threw stones at Israeli tanks trying to wrest freedom from Israeli military occupation. Some of those children grew up to become suicide bombers in the second intifadah ten years later." El-Sarraj added, "It does not take much to imagine the serious changes that will befall today's children."

ANGRIER GENERATION

Although they have likewise seen unthinkable war atrocities in their day, most elderly residents of Gaza and Israel—and those in the larger Palestinian West Bank—at least have a firsthand understanding of the enemy. They remember a time when Israelis and Palestinians worked alongside each other in factories, when they shook each other's hands to close business deals, when a one-state solution didn't sound like an absurd joke.

"We want to live in peace," insists Gaza City resident Majed al-Kurdi, 49. "I want my son to be able to live, to work, to visit America and visit Israel."

But his eldest son interjects. "No, I don't want to," says Khader. "He wants. I don't. How can the place who stole your land give you peace? I don't know how."

With a few exceptions, historians and older residents in Israel and the two Palestinian territories agree that the younger generations are getting angrier—and, in effect, taking a more conservative attitude toward the Israel-Palestine conflict.

The wounds of Operation Cast Lead had hardly healed in Gaza—its children were still mourning their classmates, still playing in the rubble of bombed-out skeleton buildings—when Israel decided to "mow the lawn," as conservatives have dubbed it, again in November 2012. (According to the IDF, the attack was in response to 100 Hamas rockets aimed at southern Israel over a 24-hour period.)

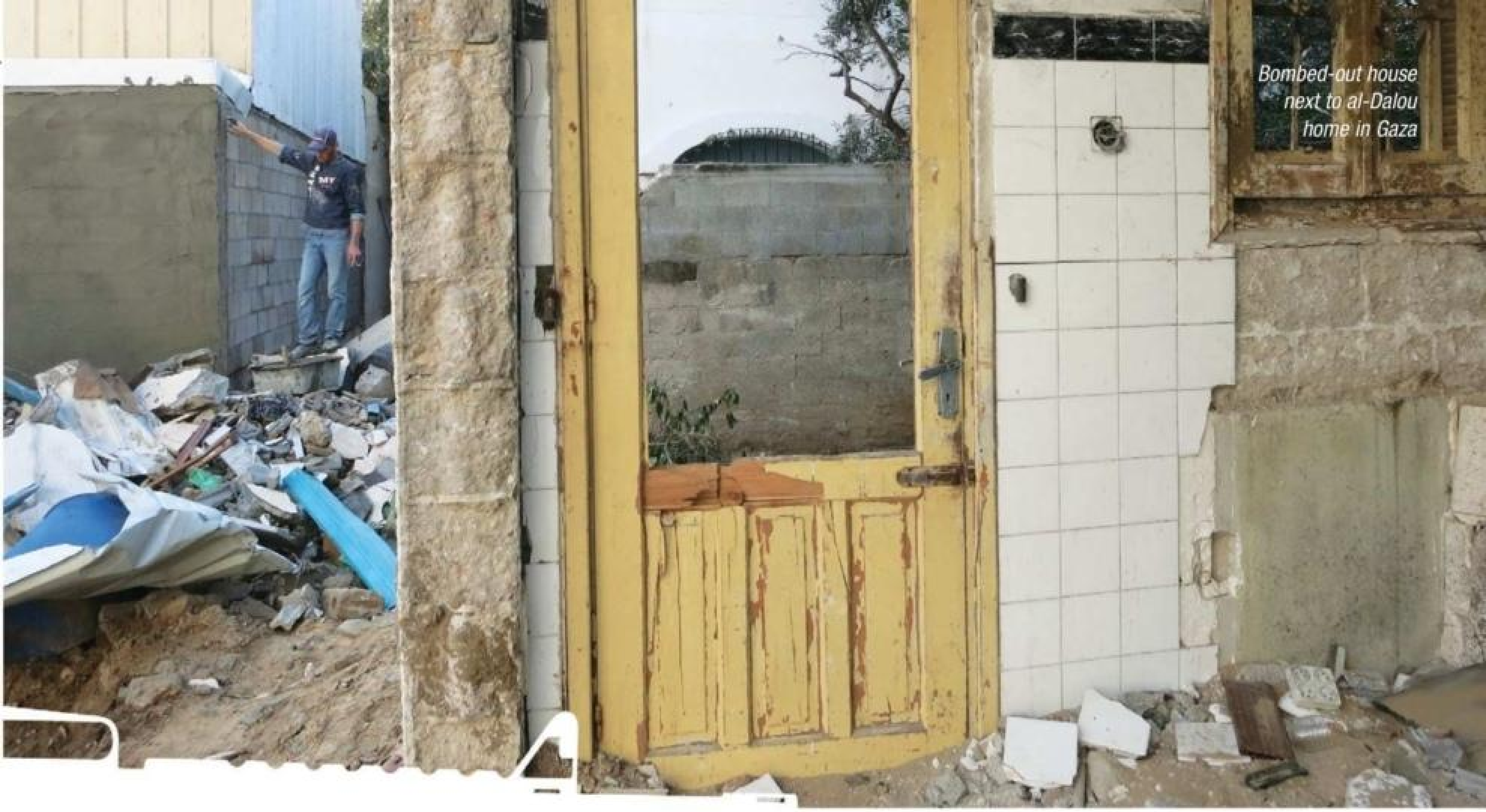
"I hate them," says Ariel, an 11-year-old Israeli girl whose hometown of Be'er Sheva came under attack during the conflict. She compares the feeling of watching Hamas military commander Ahmed al-Jabari get blown up by an Israeli missile to the joy that Hansel and Gretel felt upon pushing the witch into the oven.

Adel, a clean-cut ten-year-old walking the streets of Gaza City, says he was friends with the al-Dalou family, who lost 11 members—including four children—when their home was turned into a massive crater by Israel during the 2012 operation. Asked if he could say one thing to the Israelis, Adel crosses his arms and declares, "I want to fight you."

RIPPED TO SHREDS

Oftentimes the only interactions between Israeli and Palestinian youth are angry, impersonal exchanges over the Internet—where one's humanity is reduced to a profile pic. "On social networks such as Facebook and YouTube, [Israelis] share their bad opinions, and I can read it and feel how they feel about us," says Khader al-Kurdi.

In December 2012, when a young Israeli woman serving her mandatory time in the IDF shot Mohammed Salima at a checkpoint in the West Bank after the 17-year-old allegedly pulled a toy gun on a fellow border policeman, Palestinians and their supporters ripped her to shreds on the Internet. They passed around a link to her reported Facebook profile—which, like those of most women her age, was filled with duck faces and bikini shots—and labeled her a "terrorist," "bitch," "Zionist whore" and "child killer."

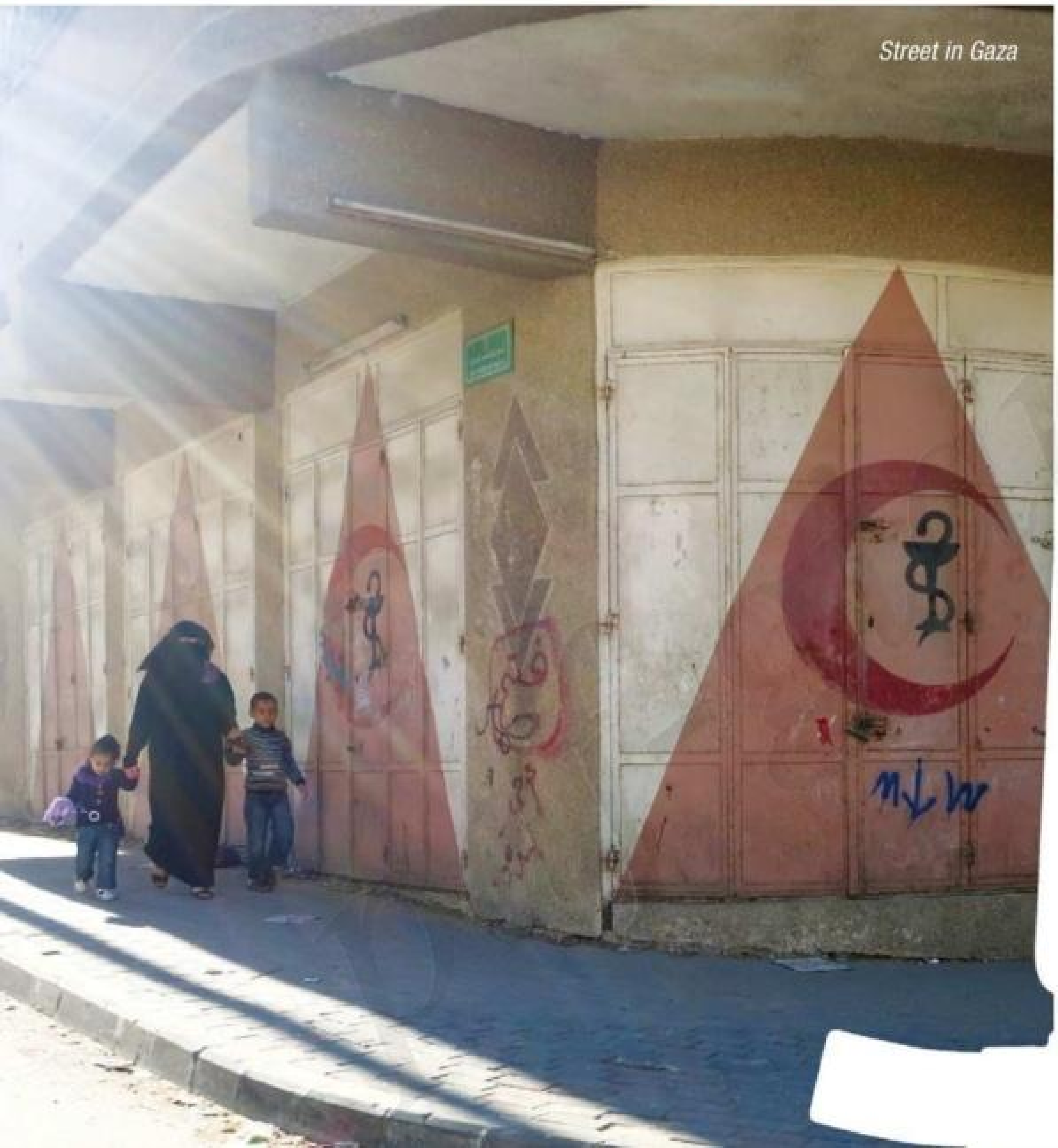

Bombed-out house next to al-Dalou home in Gaza

Rocket drill in Israel

Destroyed bank in Gaza

Rubble of al-Dalou home in Gaza

IDF soldiers in Jerusalem



Street in Gaza

Ruins of Ministry of Education in Gaza

Just days after the cease-fire, at a bar in Tel Aviv (Israel's second-largest and most modern city), a charismatic twentysomething wearing lit-up devil horns starts spitting Arabic like a party trick. His friends and observers snicker, calling it the "nigger language." Probe another partygoer about the Gazan children who died during the 2012 conflict, and he'll tell you that while they may look cute, in the end they're just "suicide bombers in training."

> *People exposed to trauma and who develop post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) are more likely to adopt anti-democratic extreme measures against anybody that is not like themselves.*

Over tea and coffee at her family's home in Gaza City, 18-year-old Samar al-Kurdi—whose baby cousin was fatally crushed during Operation Cast Lead—asks, "How can I have an Israeli friend if the people in Israel hate the Palestinians?" Her little brother begins dancing around in the driveway, singing a popular new song from Egypt called "I Love Israel." The ironically titled tune plots out various ways to destroy the land of the Jews—such as pouring gasoline on it or hanging it from a noose.

NATIONALISTIC EDUCATION

Psychologists have found that those exposed to war traumas often resort to simple, good-guy-bad-guy storytelling to make themselves feel better. "When you are being attacked, the main challenge of society is to cope with the situation," says Dr. Eran Halperin, an Israeli professor who studies the causes of political extremism. "And the ultimate way to cope with the situation is to create a very, very clear and one-sided story to justify the fact that we have to be in this situation."

Dr. Rony Berger, another Israeli psychologist, adds that "people exposed to trauma and who develop PTSD are more likely to adopt anti-democratic extreme measures against anybody that is not like themselves."

In the case of Israel and the Palestinian territories, experts say that the two populations' lack of exposure to one another, combined with societal influences like war propaganda and a nationalistic K-12 education, is contributing to each side's increasingly us-versus-them mentality.

"Education in Israel today is very far from a peace-loving education," says Mordechai Bar-On, an Israeli historian who once served as chief education officer for the IDF. "Even if it's not extremely right-wing, which it sometimes is, even the normal schooling system is overtly nationalistic and overtly pessimistic."

The mandatory draft for all Israeli men and women over 18 may serve to strengthen this early surge of patriotism, breeding a country of hardened soldiers. "For the majority of the people, after being exposed to the typical Israeli education, military service has a negative impact," Bar-On explains. "It tends to fortify your patriotism—your belief that only a strong hand can solve your problems, that you have to defend yourself, that the Arabs are no good, that the Arabs are primitive people, etc."

Nir, a 24-year-old student in Be'er Sheva, attests that after serving in the IDF, he became more supportive of the Israeli government. "When you are serving, you see things differently than when you are a civilian," he asserts. During his time as a guard in the West Bank, Nir says he heard crazy stories about Palestinian extremists from fellow soldiers and saw that they weren't going to give up until they took back Israel from the Jews.

STATE OF TRAUMA

The education system in Gaza is likewise getting a heavy dose of Islamist extremism under Hamas rule. And there are many to influence: Over half the population of Gaza is under the age of 15.

German TV journalist Richard Schneider, who has done extensive reporting in the Palestinian territories, says that at a recent Hamas rally he witnessed some supporters "take their children, put plastic guns in their arms, give them plastic suicide belts, call them shaheeds and everything's wonderful. Many of the kids are educated that this is something good."

Yusef—a cherubic Gazan five-year-old in a shirt that reads, "Experts agree that you are an IDIOT"—pokes his head out from behind his father and pretends to fire his toy machine gun at the visiting American. His family says he became so frightened during the recent conflict that he would sob during the night and had to sleep in his parents' bed.

"If they keep on fighting us, I am going to let Yusef fire rockets toward them," says his father, Shaban al-Kurdi.

Whereas Israel has the resources and priorities to patch up rocket damage as quickly as it appears, Gaza's wounds have been left to flap in the wind. Little reminders of the occupier's wrath pop up everywhere: empty window frames whose glass was blown out by an F-16; daily power outages resulting from both war damage and the blockade of natural resources; a little girl's Mary Janes poking from the rubble of her family home.

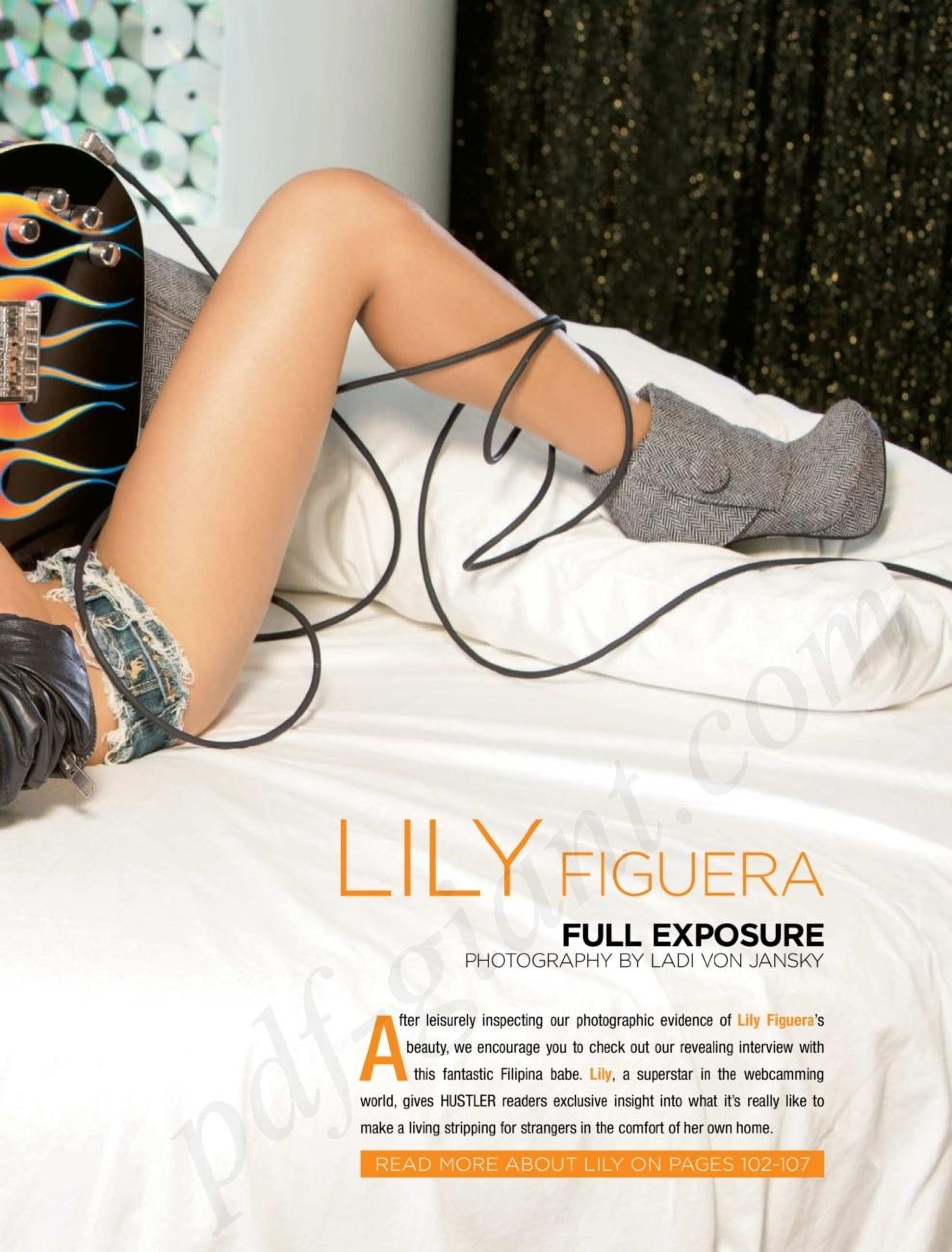
Mohamed, another member of the al-Kurdi family, says that two of his friends from school, along with his Arabic teacher, were killed in the most recent Israeli bombings. "They didn't do any bad things to make Israel kill them," the 16-year-old says, his knee jiggling compulsively. He seems especially upset about the bombing of Gaza's central soccer stadium, a popular spot for games and concerts that Israel claimed was being used as a launching point for Hamas rockets.

So Mohamed was proud when the rockets finally hit Tel Aviv—a record distance for Hamas—in November 2012. In an assignment for his English class, he wrote: "For the first time in war history, the resistance shelled the capital of Israel, Tel Aviv city, and Israelis escape to shelter like mouse."

Psychologists say that strong feelings of hatred and aggression—of grouping the other side into one big evil entity as a defense mechanism—spike during wartime, when fear and trauma run high.

During the November violence, Gaza freelancer Wasseem El-Sarraj—the son of Dr. Eyad El-Serraj—documented his own hardening to peace in the pages of *The New Yorker*. "It's my first *harb* (war), and it has stirred in me feelings that I had tried hard to suppress," wrote the journalist. "I never wanted to see Israel as an evil force. I said to myself that that sort of thinking, that sort of emotion, would not be helpful, would not be constructive, would not be 'me.' I had wanted to work with Israelis; to reconcile, I suppose. After four years of living in Gaza, this has become an untenable position for me."

Simone Wilson is a journalist from Northern California living in Tel Aviv, Israel. For two years she covered politics, crime, education, immigration and urban development at the *L.A. Weekly*. She is involved in the founding of a new international journalism institute in the Middle East.



LILY FIGUERA

FULL EXPOSURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

After leisurely inspecting our photographic evidence of **Lily Figuera**'s beauty, we encourage you to check out our revealing interview with this fantastic Filipina babe. **Lily**, a superstar in the webcamming world, gives HUSTLER readers exclusive insight into what it's really like to make a living stripping for strangers in the comfort of her own home.

READ MORE ABOUT LILY ON PAGES 102-107

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LILY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **General Santos City, Philippines** | AGE: **24**
BIRTH SIGN: **Aries** | HEIGHT: **5-0** | WEIGHT: **95**

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"That's exactly what I like in a woman...*me!*"

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TIFFANY MILLER

SWEET DISCOVERY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHASE DIAMOND

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Since **Tiffany Miller** is appearing in her first nude layout, we were tempted to say she's wet behind the ears. But, frankly, that doesn't seem to be the moistest part of this babe's body. We're referring to her eyes, of course, and the tears of joy **Tiffany** surely shed upon being named this month's HUSTLER Honey. Enjoy.

pdf-giant.com

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **22** | BIRTH SIGN: **Scorpio** | HEIGHT: **5-3** | WEIGHT: **100**

Taste my sweetness!
xoxo,
Tiffany

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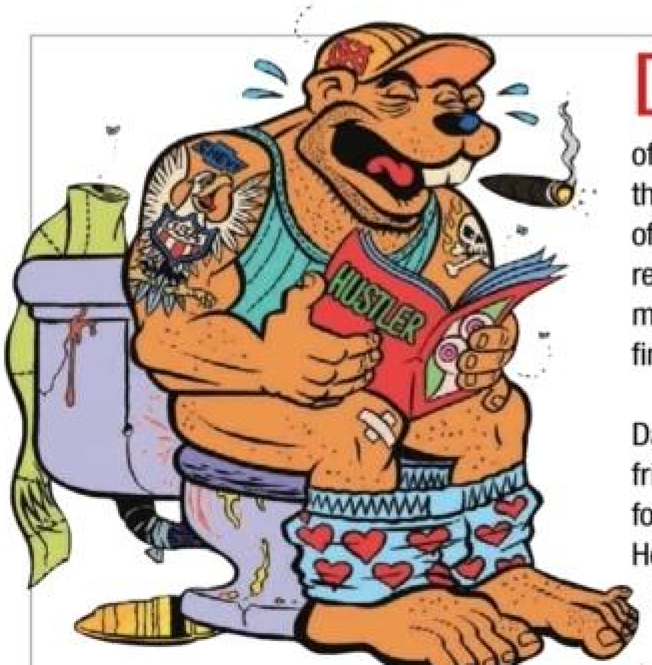


After doing ten years in a Nevada prison, John walked out the door with only $20 and the clothes on his back. In dire need of some pussy, he headed to a whorehouse and asked what he could get for 20 bucks. "Let's see if Ol' Trailer Park Helen wants a little action," the snooty madam huffed.

John marched to Helen's door, and the well-worn fortysomething was willing to do business. "You can lick my pussy for an hour," she told him.

Without further delay, John yanked off Helen's crusty panties and went to work. But when he licked her snatch, he got a corn kernel stuck in his teeth. His tongue pushed even deeper and encountered a green bean, then a carrot, then a piece of half-chewed hamburger. At that point, John was too grossed out to continue. "I'm gonna puke!" he yelled.

"Shit!" Helen howled. "That's exactly what my last customer said."

Question: Have you heard about the Catholic Abortion Clinic?

Answer: It has a year-long waiting list.

When Harry came back from the doctor, his worrisome wife noticed that he looked a little unsettled. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I guess I should tell you," Harry replied. "It was just a routine checkup, and everything seemed to be going fine until the doctor stuck his finger up my butt."

"Oh, my God!" his wife shrieked. "Did he find something bad? Do you have prostate cancer?"

"No, dear" Harry assured her. "But I realized it's time to find a new dentist."

Daryl wanted to bone Minerva, the hottest chick in his office, but she had a boyfriend. One day the horndog got so frustrated that he offered her $100. Minerva refused. "I'll be real fast," Darren promised. "I'll throw the money on the floor, you bend down, and I'll finish by the time you've picked it up."

After pondering a bit, Minerva told Daryl that she had to consult her boyfriend. His brilliant advice? "Ask the guy for $200 and pick up the money really fast. He won't even be able to get his pants down. Then give me a call."

Minerva accepted the proposal, but half an hour later the boyfriend was still waiting for her call. Finally, he rang her cellphone. "What the hell happened?!" he barked.

Breathing hard, Minerva gasped, "The son of a bitch had nothing but quarters!"

Question: How do you get a nun pregnant?

Answer: Dress her up as an altar boy.

Question: How are women like takeout fried chicken?

Answer: Once you've finished with the breasts and thighs, there's nothing but a greasy box to put your bone in.

Marsha woke up with agonizing joint pain, so she went to her doctor. He put her through a battery of tests but couldn't find anything wrong. "Have there been any recent changes in your lifestyle?" he inquired.

"The only thing I can think of is that I started having sex doggy-style," Marsha confided. "Could that be causing it?"

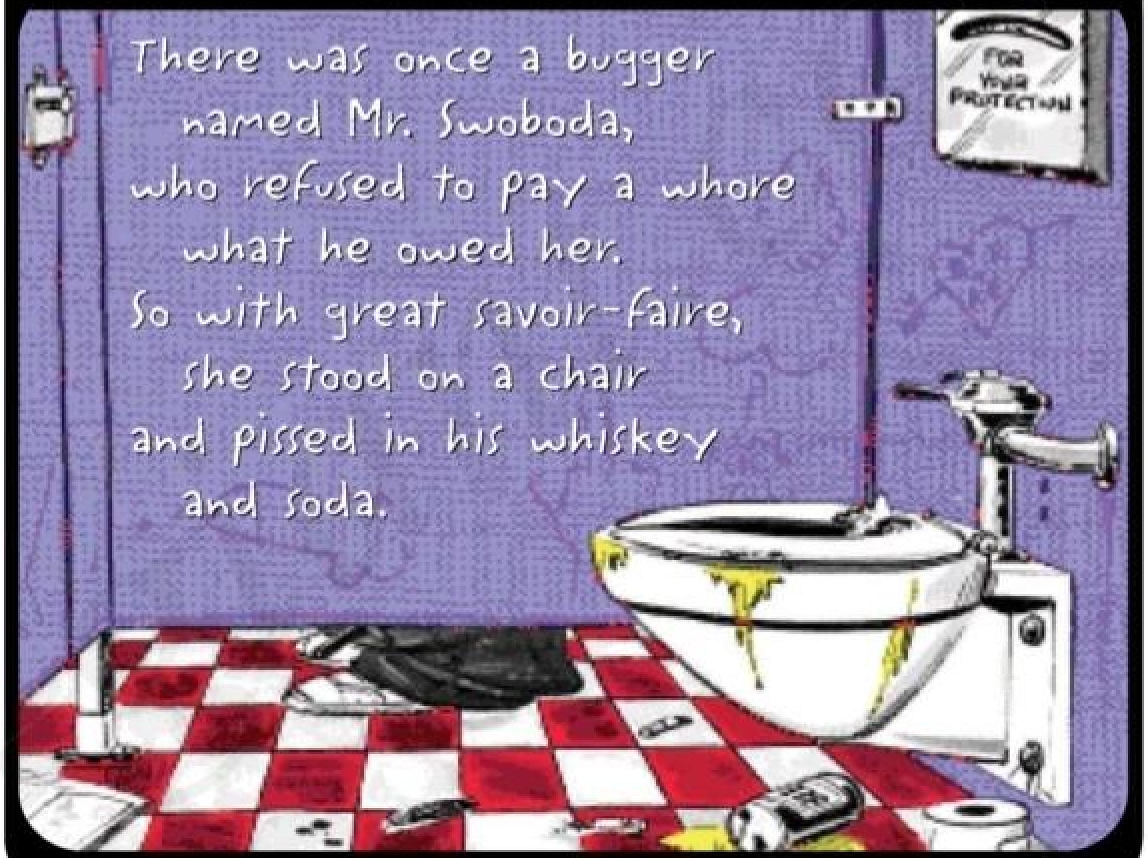
"It's possible," the doctor replied. "Why don't you stop and see if the pain goes away?"

"I can't just stop!" Marsha bellowed. "I need sex or I'll go nuts!"

"Of course," the doctor sighed. "Just stop *that* method."

"But that's the only way my dog knows how to fuck!"

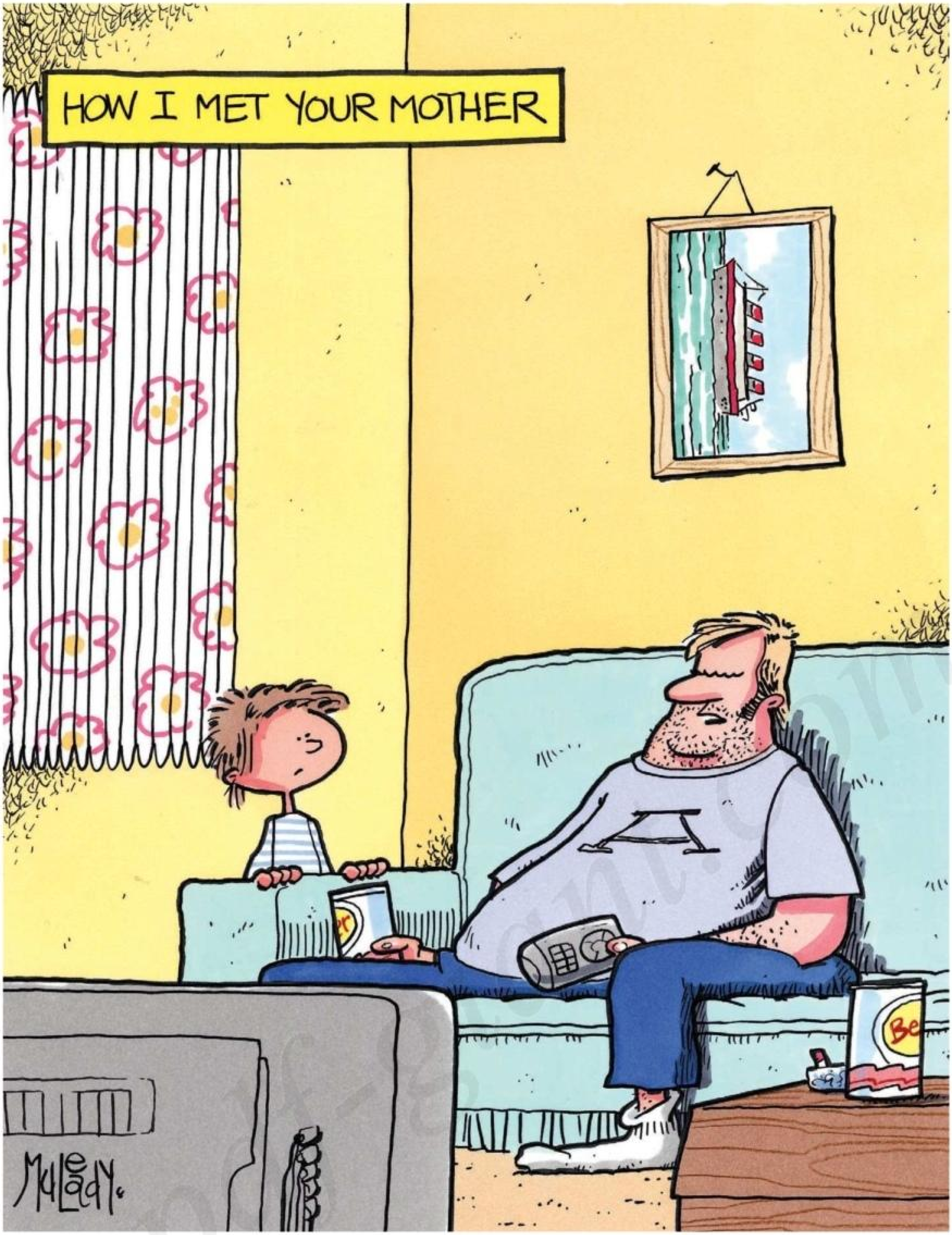
GRAFFILTHY



There was once a bugger
named Mr. Swoboda,
who refused to pay a whore
what he owed her.
So with great savoir-faire,
she stood on a chair
and pissed in his whiskey
and soda.

Thanks and $50 go to G.B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER

“She was shit-faced at a frat party, so a bunch of us gangbanged her.
The paternity test said I was the father.”

Jimmy Pardo Still Hungry

INTERVIEW BY LANA SIAS | PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARI ASKEW

What does it take to be the perfect warm-up guy, the comic who comes out and gets people in the mood before the star shows up? We don't know. But whatever it is, Conan O'Brien's Jimmy Pardo has it. He talks to us about stand-up, podcasting and why he can't escape a movie called *Butt Boss*.

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UR

URN

Watching Jimmy Pardo work his podcast is like watching one of the old-time favorites run his radio show. He's cool, funny and just waiting for everyone to gather around and hear him spill. And just like the old-timers, Pardo has his quirks: He's an obsessive-compulsive, a recovering alcoholic and, sadly, still addicted to *General Hospital*.

HUSTLER: *General Hospital*? What's that about?

JIMMY PARDO: I moved to Los Angeles in the mid-'80s, and I had no friends. I started watching soap operas. I became obsessed with *General Hospital*. I continued watching it up until Dawn was killed off and Decker was written out. I actually, as a grown man, wrote a letter to *Soap Opera* magazine showing my displeasure, and then I stopped watching it. That was in '91 or '92. I started watching again two months ago. One minute in, I was back; I was hooked.

> He's an obsessive-compulsive, a recovering alcoholic and, sadly, still addicted to *General Hospital*.

Why did you become a comedian?

I had no other skills. I was the guy that made fun of the class clown. He would do the heavy lifting, and then I would come with one sarcastic remark and get a laugh. The dream was to be a sitcom star. I thought I would be Michael J. Fox because I'm not the tallest guy.

When you moved from Chicago to L.A. in 1995, you were a drunk, in your own words.

I went to AA for a month, got yelled at by a guy there that I wasn't taking it seriously. To this day I don't know what he was talking about. So I stopped. Been sober since July 18, 1999. Group settings are hardest.

What made you quit?

I was being an asshole.

You're fast. You have a terrific wit.

I can't write a joke to save my life. When we started this show [*Never Not Funny: The Jimmy Pardo Podcast*], Matt [Belknap] came to me and said a podcast would fit what you do so perfectly. It's like a morning radio show. We do what we want. I started mine in 2006, and I would ask people, "Hey, do you want to do my podcast?" I felt like a guy asking them to do cable-access television.

So I said to Matt, "Let's charge money." Then the boom happened. People still say, "How dare you charge me when other people are free?" Well, then don't listen. I don't give a shit what you do. Live your life. Because of this audience, [when I tour,] the room is full of Jimmy Pardo fans. That wasn't happening five years ago.

How did you begin working for Conan O'Brien?

I knew [longtime O'Brien sidekick] Andy Richter. When the entire Conan crew moved over to L.A. to take over *The Tonight Show*, they needed somebody to be the warm-up comic. Legend has it they looked at one minute of a clip of me online, and Conan, head writer Mike Sweeney and [executive producer] Jeff Ross said, "That's our guy; get him in here." I went in and met them all for the first time and got the job.

Where does your humor come from?

Insecurities.

What three words would you use to describe your comedy?

Self-deprecating, quick, brilliant. I'm compared to Don Rickles a lot, but I'm not a put-down comic. I idolize him, but I don't think I'm not like him. Part of me wants to say, "Fuck 'em, relax, if you got your feelings hurt." But at the same time I don't like to make people feel badly about themselves.

What's your dirtiest joke?

I used to do this joke: A friend of mine has a little boy, and the father is circumcised, and his son is not circumcised. And his son said one day, "Daddy, why is my penis different than yours?" And he explained why. And I had the same situation happen because I was baby-sitting my nephew. I was giving him a bath, and he said, "Uncle Jimmy, why is my penis different than yours?" And I said, "Well, yours isn't erect."

I thought that was a great joke—and you laughed at it—until I had a child. Then all of a sudden it was like, it's not dirty as much as it is offensive.

Speaking of dirty, what do you think sploshing is?

Sploshing?! I have never heard of sploshing. I have a friend that knows all of this nonsense. He'll go, "Dude, you know what a pine cone is, right?" And then I'll go, "No! I don't know what a pine cone is." And then he'll explain it, and then he'll go, "Well, what about a traffic hat?" Sploshing?

Well, what does it sound like?

It sounds like: I don't like scatological; I even hate the word. But it sounds like diarrhea.

There are no bodily fluids involved. Sploshing is when a woman is defiled by a particular wet, sticky or messy mixture: gunge, oil, chocolate sauce, etc.

And then I eat it off of her?

No.

> "Self-deprecating, quick, brilliant. I'm compared to Don Rickles a lot, but I'm not a put-down comic."

Who the hell likes that?

Usually people who have salirophilia. One of the favorite methods uses baked beans.

Nauseating. I've seen those photographs of women with baked beans on them. I don't understand. I mean, I've got my websites I go to. Your catch-all websites, and sometimes it'll say, "Hot woman covered in beans!" Who clicks on that?

It's for the wet-and-messy crowd. It's called wamplay.

Wamplay to me is listening to George Michael.

If you were to create your own fetish genre, what would it entail?

It would have to be something nice and tidy and clean to deal with my OCD issues. Maybe it would be called sorting. We get undressed and nakedly sort our clothing into whites and coloreds, then neatly fold them. Sorting! That's my fetish.

Do you use OCD in your stand-up?

My stand-up is all in the moment. I could, theoretically, talk about OCD all the time. But real people don't like to talk about that stuff. They think that you're a weirdo. Whenever I talk about therapy and that kind of stuff onstage, I sense the audience thinking, *We don't talk about real issues. We came to laugh. Talk about your cock.*

If you were a porn star, what would your specialty be?

Guy in the corner jerking off.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

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What character would you want to play in a porn movie?

It would have to be the cliché. I'm the pool guy, right? Why not? A guy in his mid-40s shows up to clean the pool. I'm an amateur porn guy. I never got into the movies with storylines and all that kind of stuff. My roommate found *Butt Boss* [starring Debi Diamond and Janet Jacme] in the VCR once. I rented *Butt Boss* and then forgot to return it and went on the road. He went to use the VCR and found it in there, so that's a running joke for the last 20 years.

Is it an anal movie?

You know what? It's not. It's just a guy that likes big butts: the butt boss. It was when I had shame for renting porn, so I would go into the adult section and get as far as the *B*s and start to think, *Oh, man, I've got to take something.* And I start grabbing. Give me *Butt Boss*!

Where do you draw the line with pornography?

Violence. When it's purposely degrading.

What about age? Yours? Younger?

That's a good question. I bounce back and forth. Sometimes I go a little older—although that's getting less and less frequent.

Are you finding that as you get older, you like younger?

Yeah, although that seems dangerous to say—if my wife's ever reading this.

> "Maybe it would be called sorting. We get undressed and nakedly sort our clothing into whites and coloreds, then neatly fold them. Sorting! That's my fetish."

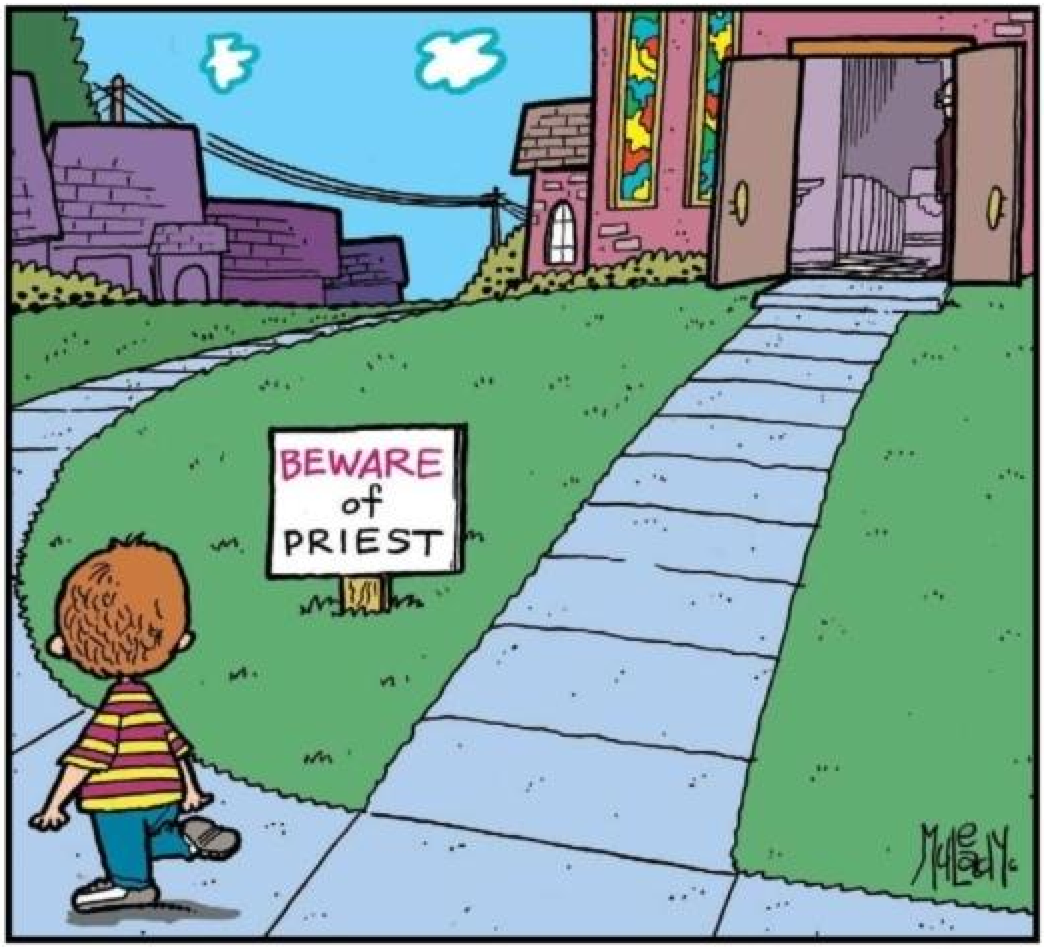
What happens when a comedian starts "getting fat"—when he's off his game, and the comedy isn't as sharp?

Success and not being hungry. Getting fat is perfect. When you're not wanting, I think it's hard to be edgy and funny. We're the people that weren't popular in school. For me it was so that I wouldn't get beat up. I'd confuse them with words. Although Conan O'Brien and David Letterman are rich and famous, they're still funny. There's still that self-loathing in those guys. Whereas Jay Leno is the richest man alive, and a sponge is more entertaining.

Do you think you're still hungry?

Yeah, I'm still hungry. God, I hope so.

Catch *Never Not Funny: The Jimmy Pardo Podcast* at Pardcast.com.



"So how was bowling night with your girlfriends, honey? By the way, there's a rubber hanging out of your pussy."

HUSTLER'S GIRL ON GIRL OIL

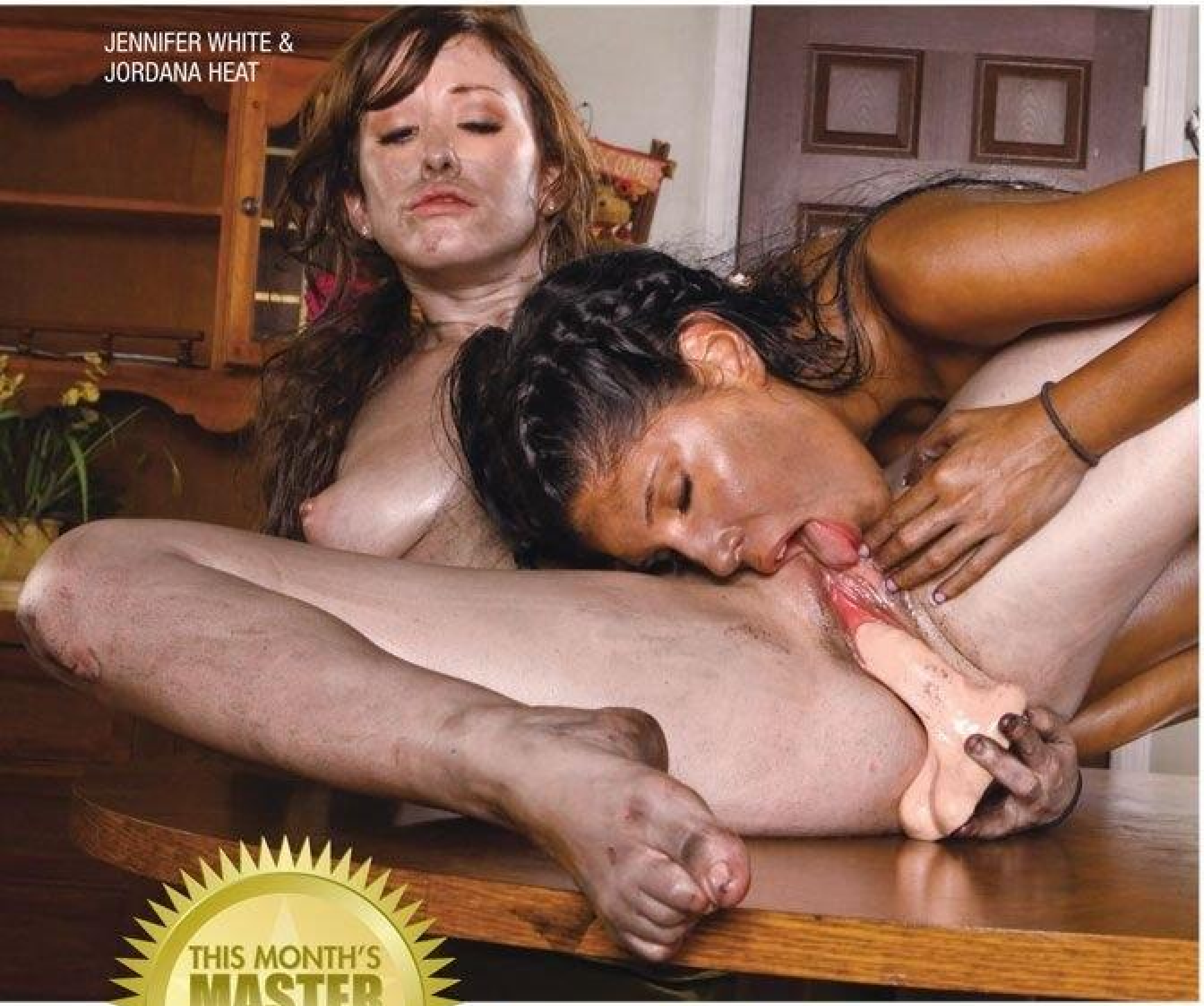
HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: KIERA KING, RIKKI SIX, JENNIFER WHITE, JORDANA HEAT, SASHA HEART, LIA LOR, JEANIE MARIE & CHRISTIE STEVENS.

This is what happens when porn stars try to save 20 bucks by doing their own oil changes. Bitchy-hot bleach blonde Rikki Six kicks off this eight-girl lubejob by whining to Kiera King until she gets the slimy squirt she deserves. Competition-style twat-lapping ensues until Rikki's tongue gets tuckered out. Apparently, it was all a lesson in "why a woman wants to be a mechanic." Sasha Heart and Lia Lor bring back the dive-bar oil-pit craze, with lovely newcummer Lia busting out an amazing vaginal broncobuster that pins Sasha to the plastic until Ms. Heart turns tail on her. Both wrasslers "lap out" to keep it fair, but we scored it for Lia. Following a standard double-blond dildo session by Jeanie Marie and Christie Stevens, Jennifer White and Jordana Heat turn in the flick's most slamming scene. Their derrick hit a black-gold gusher, so they're literally filthy, making for the greasiest pussies you've ever scene. If this is what Texas smut looks like, we're off to Dallas. You HUSTLER strokers probably use ten times as much lubrication in any given week as these chicks, but you sure don't look as good doing it. So stop whacking off to your fat self in the mirror and grab this slick piece of sinema now. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Mark Johnson

RIKKI SIX & KIERA KING

SASHA HEART & LIA LOR



JENNIFER WHITE &
JORDANA HEAT

CHRISTIE
STEVENS &
JEANIE MARIE

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER
STROKE

KIRA SINN

THE SLEEPOVER

SMASH PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: SELMA SINS, KIRA SINN, PENNY PAX, JODI TAYLOR, CASEY STONE, ALANA EVANS, DANNY WYLDE, TOMMY PISTOL, TYLER NIXON & LOGAN PIERCE.

Hot little Selma knows how to throw a slumber party for her BFFs: popcorn, pajamas and plenty of penis! Her horny dad gets a warning from Mom to not pick on or bother the girls, but she didn't say anything about face-fucking them! Now, before you start perving out, these girls may look hardly legal, especially dolled up in their fluffy peejays, but none of them are actual jailbait. Make sure you point that out when the neighbors catch you whacking to this flick. You'll have to suffer through a mind-numbing patch of giggly girl talk before the fucking starts, but it all sets the mood nicely. Selma gets dick-hungry first, getting her puffy pussy polished through the poophatch in her jammies. Her pussyfarting baby fat looks like it was fed on a steady diet of sperm. Kira, as cute as they come, is wet for Dad, and he's happy to cuddle and cream her in her onesie. Kira's orgasmic whimpers get stuffed with a pom-pom in her mouth, officially making her scene the most adorable. Nerdy, booby Penny Pax is just as pettable though, losing precious sleep thanks to the balls slapping her ass. Casey, meanwhile, swaps spit with Mom in a heartwarming lesbo interlude before sweet-titted Jodi takes a late-night faceload. *The Sleepover* is a fuzzy bedtime story that will make you feel warm all over. Just try not to get cum all over the popcorn. **—M.J.**

SELMA SINS

PENNY PAX

JODI TAYLOR

LOUISE JENSON &
CINDY BEHR

FUCK THE LIBRARIANS

BLUEBIRD FILMS. STARRING: PAIGE ASHLEY, LOUISE JENSON, CINDY BEHR, STACEY SARAN, LOU CHARMELLE, ANNA JOY, DEMETRI XXX, JAMIE BARRY, SETH STRONG, PETER OH TOOL & KAI TAYLOR.

In case you missed it, some of the hottest ass in any town can be found wandering the aisles of your local library. Combine that timeless fact with five busty British bombshells plus the always-believable storylines of porn, and you have a real masterpiece-of-ass theater. Fiery redhead Paige Ashley does a nice job welcoming a new member, so to speak, catching a titload of cum in the process, after which Louise Jenson and Cindy Behr bust a dude wanking in the computer section and kindly help him find what he's looking for. Bespectacled Lou Charmelle, probably the bangingest bookworm of the bunch even without her colleagues' crazy boobjobs, calls a local writer on his cockboasting and gets proven wrong. Anna Joy shushes a rude patron and ends up with a frothy mouthful for her troubles. Whenever she tries to close up on time, there's always that one idiot who won't leave until she blows him. Anal appears to be against library policy, so this all takes place in the V section, but you'll be too busy whacking to complain. *Fuck the Librarians* is another prime piece of Brit sleaze you won't find on BBC America. Go ahead and look for it at your local branch. It'll be under the Dewey decimal number for ball-drainer. **—M.J.**

LOU CHARMELLE

STACEY SARAN

PAIGE ASHLEY

HOLLY TAYLOR

BRANDY ANISTON

RIKKI SIX

SUPERSIZE ME MONSTER COCKS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: RIKKI SIX, LIA LOR, HOLLY TAYLOR, BAILEY BLUE, BRANDY ANISTON, ALEX GONZ, JOHN E. DEPTH, MARCO BANDERAS & BILLY GLIDE.

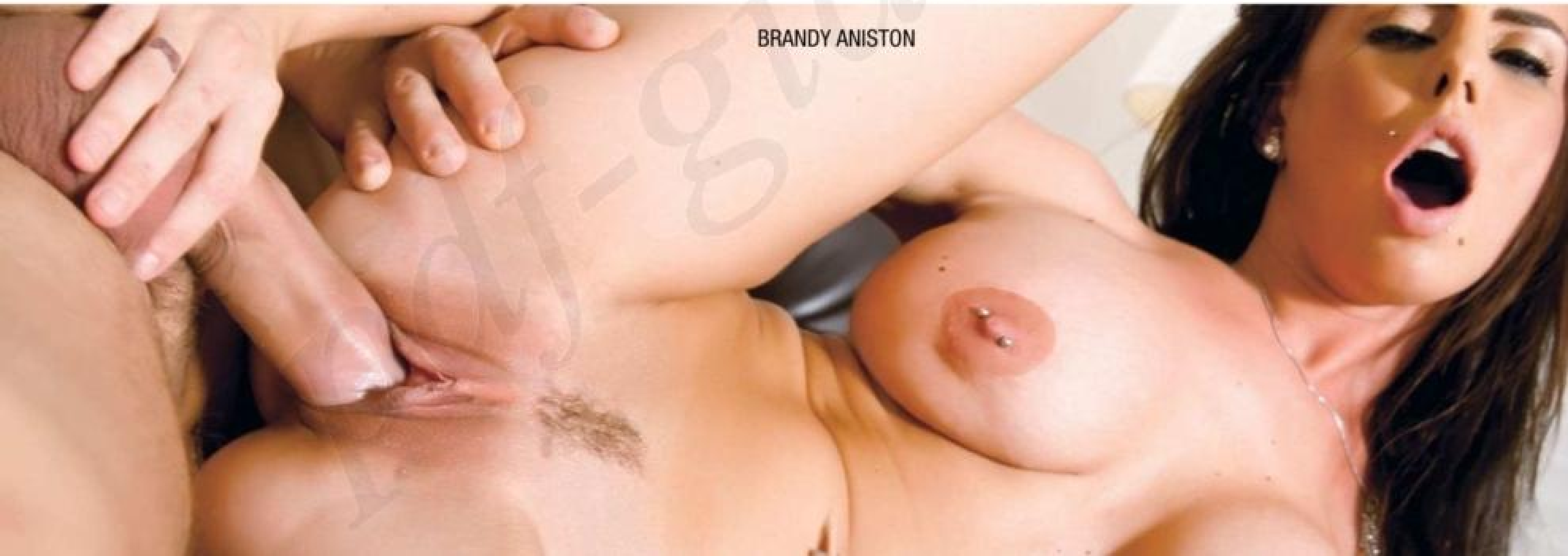
After an in-depth study, it has been determined that exactly 0% of all males care about porn storylines. HUSTLER took note and delivered the goods. The thought of a monster member might be enough to scare off the more cock-cautious among us, but there are always enough horny sluts lurking in the gutter with the courage to fuck and suck those things until they explode with love juice. Tattooed fuckdoll Bailey Blue enthusiastically describes her big-cock crush, and in no time she's getting pounded with the same gusto. With a chest bigger than Morgan Spurlock's appetite, Brandy Aniston satiates her hunger as she gobbles down some humongous manmeat. Petite Lia Lor must be a snake charmer the way she handles an anaconda-size schlong. Her perfect harmony with the long, black beast should be enough to solve our nation's racial tensions for good. Holly Taylor wants to get her hands on the biggest thing she can. And when she does, she doesn't hesitate to shove it up her mouth and tight twat. Efficiency is everything. HUSTLER Honey Rikki Six finishes the festivities with a five-star fuck that does the brand proud. These ladies bravely wrestled monster cock. The least you can do is supersize your pleasure and buy this now. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Andy Parker

LIA LOR

BAILEY BLUE

RIKKI SIX



BRANDY ANISTON

NICOLE ANISTON

DOMESTIC BLISS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

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Nancy (**Nicole Aniston**) had been waiting to have the house to herself all morning. When her unemployed hubby finally shuffled off to the horse track, the unhappy housewife settled down at the dining room table with a glass of her favorite beverage (absinthe) and a copy of her favorite magazine (*Cunnilingus Monthly*). Ten minutes later, Nancy was hallucinating and horny.

And then the doorbell rang once. It was the postman (**Otto Bauer**).

"I usually ring twice," the dude announced.

Before he could utter another word, Nancy dragged the mail carrier into her abode. Her inhibitions lowered, she easily persuaded him to deliver a hot beef injection to her vaginal mailbox.

When Nancy's husband returned home, he was in a great mood. "All my horses came in," the deadbeat exclaimed. "Boy, did I get lucky!"

"Me too," Nancy gushed with a sly smile.

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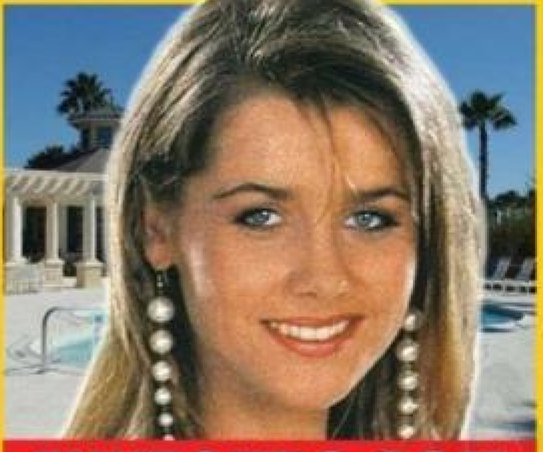

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DDG PHOTOS

SIRAY
KONG

LOCATION: California and Minnesota **AGE:** 31
PROFILES: Twitter.com/ModelSirayKong, Instagram.com/SirayKong

By Ericka Rachelle Mendoza

Siray Kong has been blessed with more than beauty and charm. Her mother, who fled from war-ravaged Cambodia to neighboring Thailand, was languishing in a refugee camp when Siray was born. But thanks to the goodwill of a Minnesota church, she and her mom were soon living near the Twin Cities.

Ms. Kong has now established herself as a model and swimsuit designer, but the 5-foot-1 delight is also a dedicated humanitarian. "Twenty percent of everything I make goes toward putting together my nonprofit, A Piece of Sunshine," Siray relates. "I want to give back to my home country by fighting child prostitution in Cambodia, as well as providing clothing, nourishment, information on homeopathic medicine and spiritual guidance."

Fans can help Siray's cause by purchasing sexy autographed photos and other merchandise on her eye-candy website, SirayKongOnline.com.

Siray has a wide range of personal interests: the beach, hiking, cooking, reading and a quirky one. "I like to collect random coins I find outside," she explains.

When it comes to her love life, Siray admits she's very picky: "I can't give quality time to every guy who wants to know me better, but I make exceptions for men who are affectionate, polite and naughty at the same time. Tattoos always help." H

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I'm a great wife because I'm an amazing chef, and I love cooking naked. My guy gets dinner and a show!"

SAMATHA

Displaying in one fell swoop her fondness for two popular gizmos *and* being butt naked for all to see is this 19-year-old receptionist from Clearwater, Florida. "I'm outgoing, spontaneous and adventurous," Samatha reckons. "I would always be naked if I could." But the 5-foot-8 newbie, who digs *Tosh.0* and vampire flicks, can be one tough cookie: "I'm a tomboy. I love playing football and getting dirty." Even away from the gridiron. "I'm married but very bi," Samatha confides. "My favorite things are going 69 with a girl, role-playing and being fucked in the ass by my husband. You have to keep your sex life different or it gets boring." Leave it to Samatha to come up with a pair of entertaining fantasies: "I want to eat out Alice from *Twilight* and get naked in a crowded theater." —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

If I had balls they'd be bigger than yours.

"I'm the biggest masturbator y'all will ever meet. God, I need cock!"

COLE

"Being naked makes me feel free, and I respect Larry Flynt," trumpets Cole, 28, a "brave, ballsy, bi-curious and ambitious" MILF out of Lexington, Kentucky. "Then it dawned on me that I should be naked in his magazine. Thank you for allowing me to do it, Larry and Tex!" There's more than meets the eye: "I enjoy going to movies, feeding ducks and squirrels and making those around me feel comfortable and laugh," the 5-foot-4 Bluegrass Stater continues. "I enjoy the moments I have, so I hope that rubs off." Cole—a fan of *Impractical Jokers*, Buffalo wings, Jason Aldean and Mariah Carey—certainly relishes getting off: "My favorite way is doggy while my hair gets pulled so I have to look back. Watching my boy toy's face while I'm being fucked is priceless. I also love being skull-fucked, but I want to keep my asshole tight, so we don't do anal a lot." Looking back on a memorable caper, Cole relates, "We had sex in the front seat of my fiancé's car in a Walmart parking lot with people walking around us. It was extra-enjoyable because there was the thrill of getting caught." A larger venue will be required for Cole's fantasy: "I'd like to be in a train of three or four girls eating each other, with one man in front, one man in back." —*Photos by Fiancé*

"Sometimes I like the meat in my ass, but I'd rather it be licked."

BEAVERHUNT SPOTLIGHT

PRINCESS

"It's exciting knowing that other people can see what I see every day," marvels Princess, 24, a newly minted college graduate from Waco, Texas. "I love my body—especially my boobies—and I love being naked. Shucks, I really don't like clothes at all." But there is something the 5-foot-9, 36DD darling can't do without: "I love sex, and I'll do anything at least once or twice," Princess explains in a syrupy drawl. "If I wasn't so durn curious, daring and submissive, I would have missed out on my biggest pleasure ever: anal sex." Although "usually too busy being a nympho to watch TV," Princess will gaze at a computer screen: "The Internet was made for outgoing people like me. I like seeing what other people are up to." We're tickled pink that Princess is up for being a Beaver. *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

“I hardly watch any TV, but I sure love the idea of guys watching horny me when I’m naked!”

JESSICA

"I'm a very open-minded, adventurous and fearless person," professes Jessica Chase of Centerville, Ohio. "I like to work hard and see what I can accomplish in life." Sprucing up her résumé are two go-rounds in our mag. "I feel very comfortable in my skin!" the 5-foot-6 Buckeye Stater bellows. Jessica, a 2005 Beaver who's gonna cross the age-30 threshold in September, has a full plate: "Besides running my spray-tanning salon, I'm into shopping, scary movies, hardcore porn, screaming at the TV when the Cincinnati Bengals are playing, outdoor activities—rock-climbing, white-water rafting, you name it—and posing nude." Now we'll pose a question: What gets your rocks off, Jessica? "Fantastic sex!" she heartily replies. "I'm bi, and I love being tied up and slammed around. I also like sex outside in the summertime. Getting caught in public would be so exciting. I still can't believe no one had a clue I was getting it on in a packed theater during a movie premiere." Happy birthday, Jessica, and thanks for an awesome sequel. *—Photos by Friend*

"I would like to have sex in a very public place full of people in broad daylight."

"One day last summer I came upon a stream and decided to take a swim," Omaha, Nebraska's Samantha Rae recalls. "Naked!" specifies the 18-year-old college student, who's now decided to take a metaphoric dip in our amateur roundup. "It was something new and different, and I like to make things fun," the 5-foot-2 tyro coos. Samantha Rae's have-fun regimen includes TV's *Sex and the City*, ice-skating, traveling (she's even visited HUSTLER headquarters) and grooving to AC/DC. How fitting. "I'm bi," she admits, "and most of all I love threesomes and being tied up naked with another girl." Although asserting that nude modeling "is a way to exert my power over men," Samantha Rae muses, "I'd love to have sex with a guy while I'm handcuffed in a dungeon." —*Photos by Friend*

"Eat me out, and I'll come lickety-split!"

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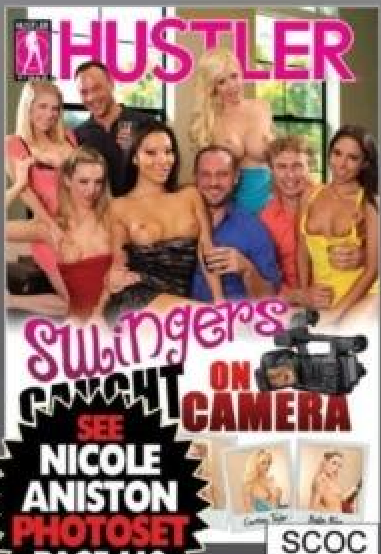

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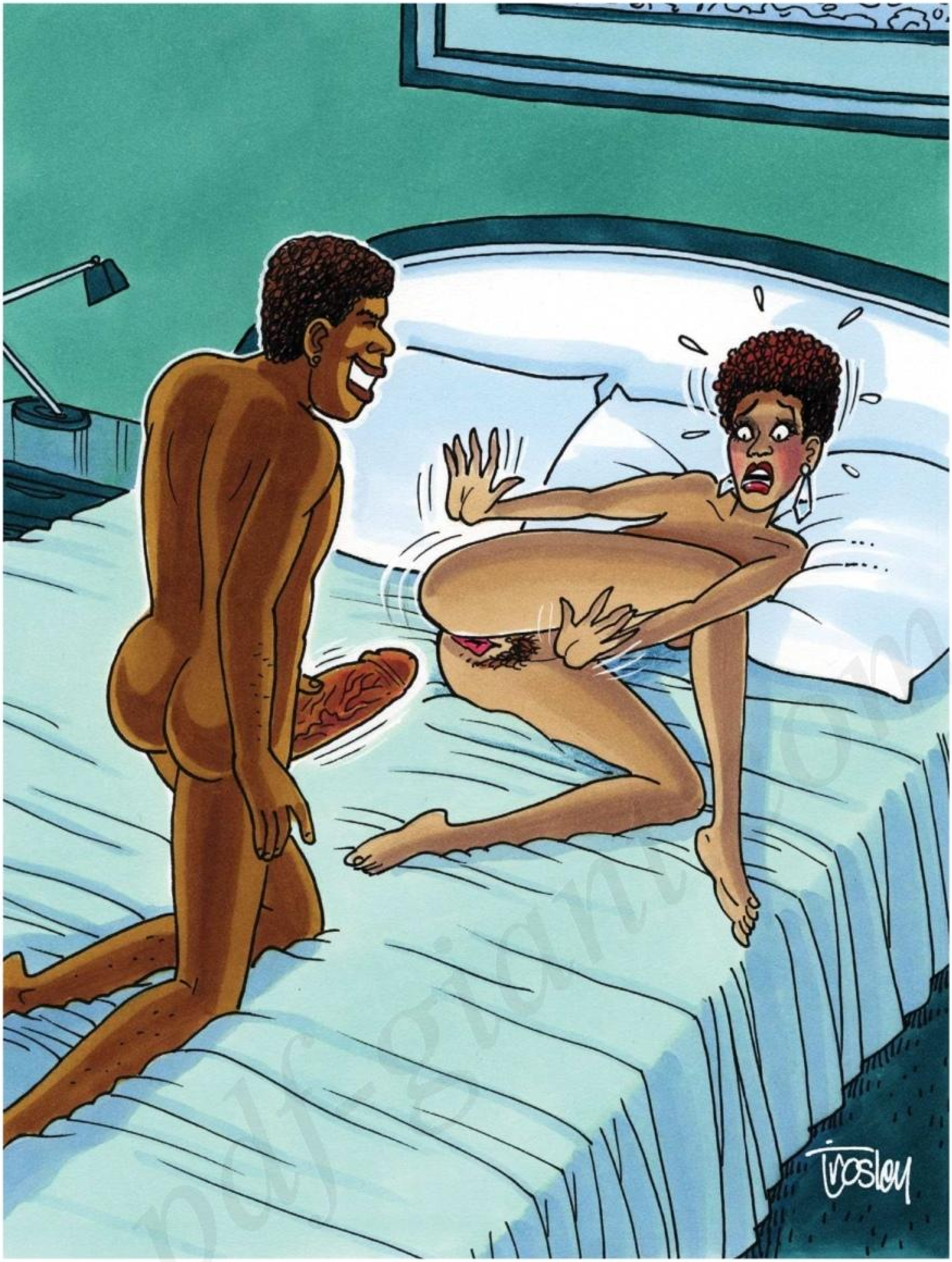

"I thought they were trying to ban assault weapons..."

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Check out Lily Figuera's hot spread on pages 50-57

A LAPTOP AND A DREAM

INTERVIEW BY MARK JOHNSON | PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN McNAMARA/MAC PHOTOGRAPHY

A hardworking Internet vixen gives us the inside story about how she makes more money than most of us—without even getting out of bed.

Born in the Philippines, Lily Figuera came to the United States when she was just six. Now 25, the California cutie has blossomed into one of the world's most popular online Asian stars. But she's still a traditional girl at heart.

HUSTLER: How long have you been webcamming?

LILY FIGUERA: Only three years. Some girls have done it for a very long time, so I still consider myself a newbie.

We hear it's profitable. How much do you clear?

$2,000 a week.

Wow! So apart from that, what's the best part about your job?

Working from home. It's comfortable. You can work on your own time, make your own money.

What's the worst part about it?

You get a lot of clients who are very impatient. You get really rude ones who want to watch you for free. They'll tell you, "Get up and start dancing." And if I'm like, "Well, I just did that," they start calling you names. You know, we're not there to entertain them for free. It's a job. That's the worst part: cheap people. But I'm not the mean kind of person who starts cursing them out. I just take it until someone takes me to private or exclusive chat.

Are you ever able to see them while they watch you?

No, absolutely not. There's an option where I can watch them, but I refuse. I think I'm >>

pdf-giant

more comfortable just having them watch me because I'm not paying them to watch them. You're here to pay me; you need to watch me. That's how it works.

Do guys sometimes doubt that you're live?

I get that all the time. Sometimes I'll be in free chat, and they'll ask, "Is this live?" or, you know, "This is fake," and make me do something just to prove to themselves that it's not. So I do whatever they ask me to do.

Do some girls just play tapes?

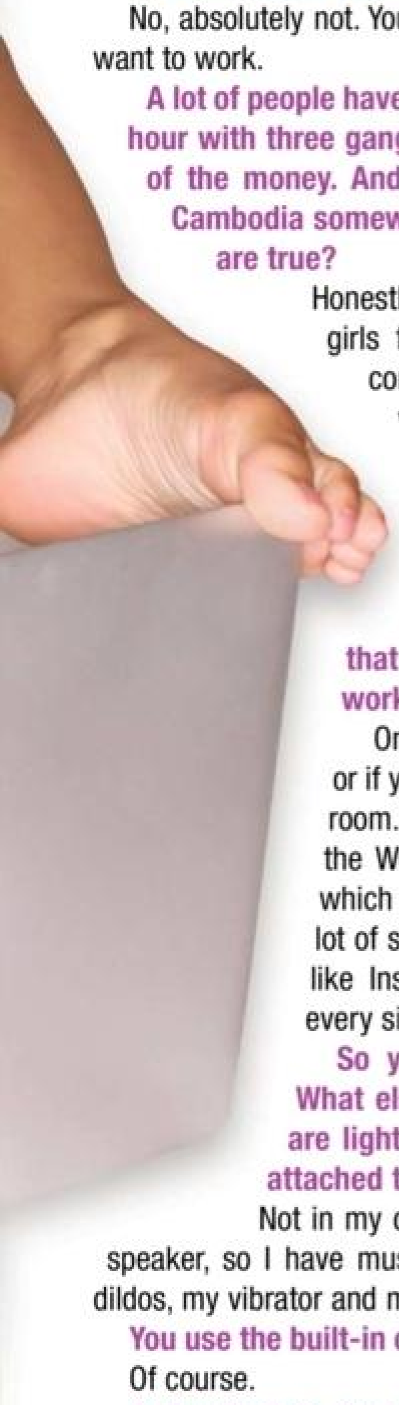
No, but we do get recorded for different websites like Xvideos and stuff. I get recorded when I'm doing my cam. So when people watch those sites, they think it's live, but it's actually recorded. That's why they would assume it's fake. But if you go to the actual website and watch me, it's always live.

Is it always you responding or do you have a helper typing things in?

Oh, no, no. I see everything. It's really fast too. Sometimes I have to make people repeat it because it moves too quickly, and there's 50 to like 70 people in my chatroom. When everyone's trying to chat with me, it's really hard. But I don't type because it's too much, so I just talk.

Do you cam where you actually live? It's not in a warehouse with a thousand girls?

It's in my bedroom.



You spend eight hours a day in bed basically?

Well, in the afternoon I'll go on from 1 to 4 [Pacific time], and after that I'll just go shopping or do whatever. I take my nap from 7 to 8, go back at 9, do 9 to 12 a.m. So I have a lot of free time.

You don't have a boss or pimp saying, "Do it now!"

No, absolutely not. You're your own boss. You work whenever you want to work.

A lot of people have an image of the girl making five cents an hour with three gangsters in front of the door taking the rest of the money. And if she's Asian, she's in a basement in Cambodia somewhere. Do you know if any of those things are true?

Honestly, it could be a possibility. I know some girls from the Philippines. They work for other companies, and they're actually scheduled to work certain hours.

You mean forced to work?

Yeah. But for me, in California, it's easy.

If we want to see a cute Asian girl on a webcam, how do we know what we're looking at? How do we know if that person's in a sweatshop or like you, working independently?

One way to tell is if all the rooms look the same or if you see different girls all the time in the same room. I'm in my bedroom, and it's always me. On the Web everything is linked. It just depends on which site people go to and what it links to. I do a lot of stuff for myself where I have social networks like Instagram, Facebook and Twitter. I advertise every single time when I'm on.

So you're in your bedroom all by yourself. What else is there? People probably think there are lights hanging from the ceiling and cameras attached to the wall.

Not in my case. I just use my regular lights. I have my speaker, so I have music playing, my laptop with a webcam, my dildos, my vibrator and my oil. That's all I have!

You use the built-in camera on a laptop? That's good enough?

Of course.

And nobody's ever said, "Hey, I can't see you clearly enough. Can you get a better camera?"

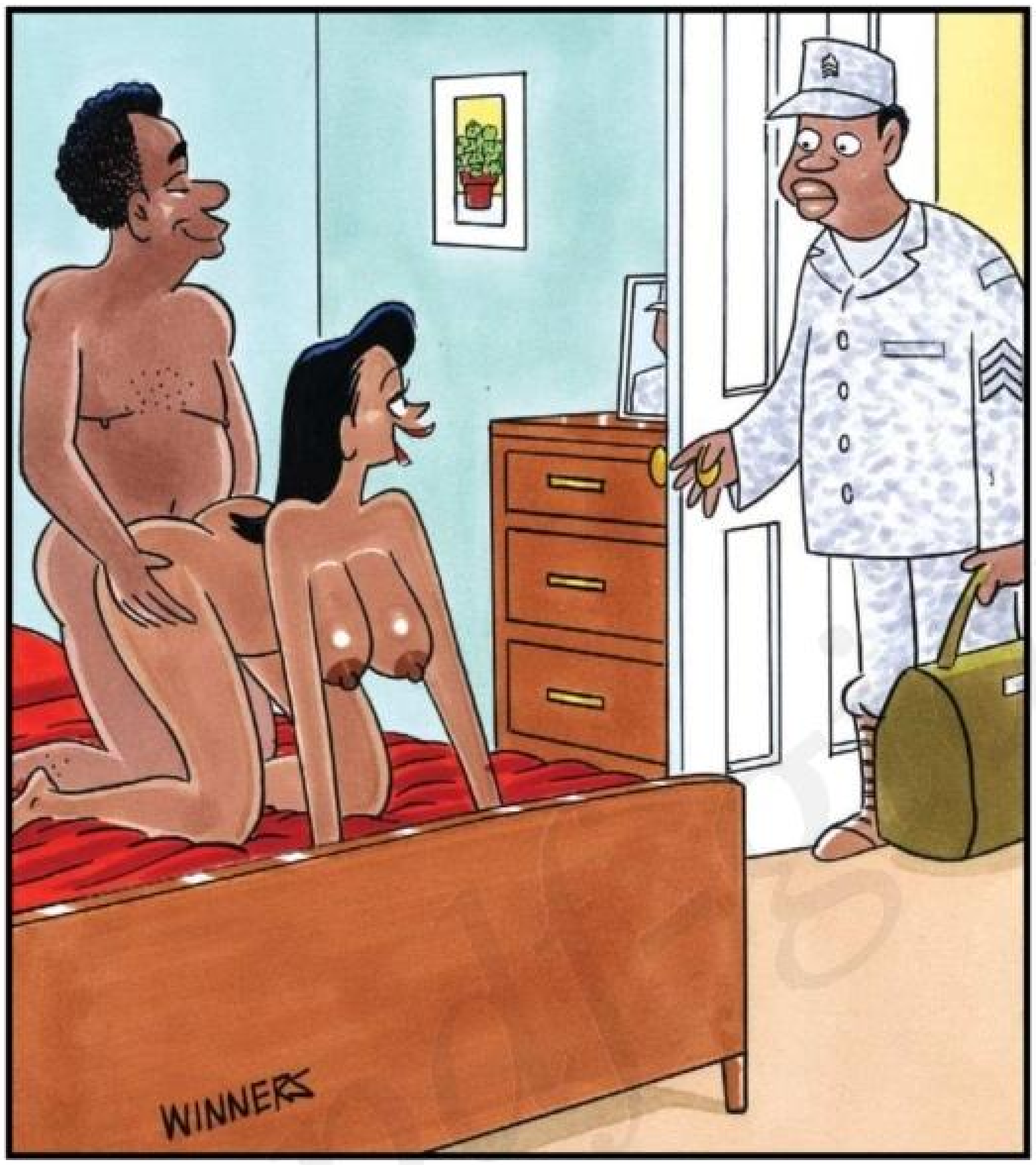
Oh, no, no. Mine's HD. To stream you need HD.

What if a girl like you is reading this, and she thinks, *That sounds good; $2,000 a month; she's independent; she's in bed all day; that must be fun. I'm going to start doing that.* How should she get started, and what should she watch out for?

First thing, you need to have a lot of patience. Not every girl will have patience, you know. Then get a laptop with a webcam. And you need to be 18 or older of course. If you're trying to be known in the industry, you need to go for it 100%. But if you're trying to be exclusive and private, you need to work on something where you can be as private as possible because on the Internet there are so many scams, and people will just steal videos of you.

I have friends who have done it, and their sessions were captured and ended up everywhere on the Internet. You need to be careful. The reason I make this much money is because I don't care. I'm okay with people watching me. But if girls want to

"I should warn you that sometimes I cum too quickly...never mind!"



"Yeah, I knew you were coming home today. I wanted to surprise you."

make much, they need to either be on my level or higher because you can't make $2,000 and not show your face. You just can't. It's impossible.

So what do you do? Just call up a webcam site and ask, "Do you want to host my webcam?"

First you have to send a request to the website. They will email you paperwork to prove who you are and how old you are. They'll set you up with your own IP address, password, username, all of that. It's just like signing up for Facebook except the difference is it's an adult site, so you have to go through paperwork and get approval. Then you just log on and start streaming. I'm at Streamate. They send me a check every single week.

What if a girl signs up and never gets a check. Does that ever happen?

It happens, but not with my company. You have to really research companies before you sign up.

You've never had to sue anybody to get your money?

No, but there are shady webcam companies. The first company I worked for was kind of shady. They were asking for too much. When you work, you're supposed to work on your own time. They're not supposed to force you.

Do you get sexual pressure from your business partners? A lot of people might think girls like you have to sleep with everybody to get anywhere.

Yeah, but no. That's not the case. One misconception is that webcam girls are all prostitutes and that they use webcamming as a way to find clients. But the reputable websites don't allow you to give out any kind of contact information. You can't even direct them to your personal website.

Do you have a lot of fans in the Philippines?

I have a lot of Filipino fans, but not in the Philippines.

Why not?

A lot of the stuff there is like blocked. The Philippines is a poor country, so it's not like everyone can just log on and find me.

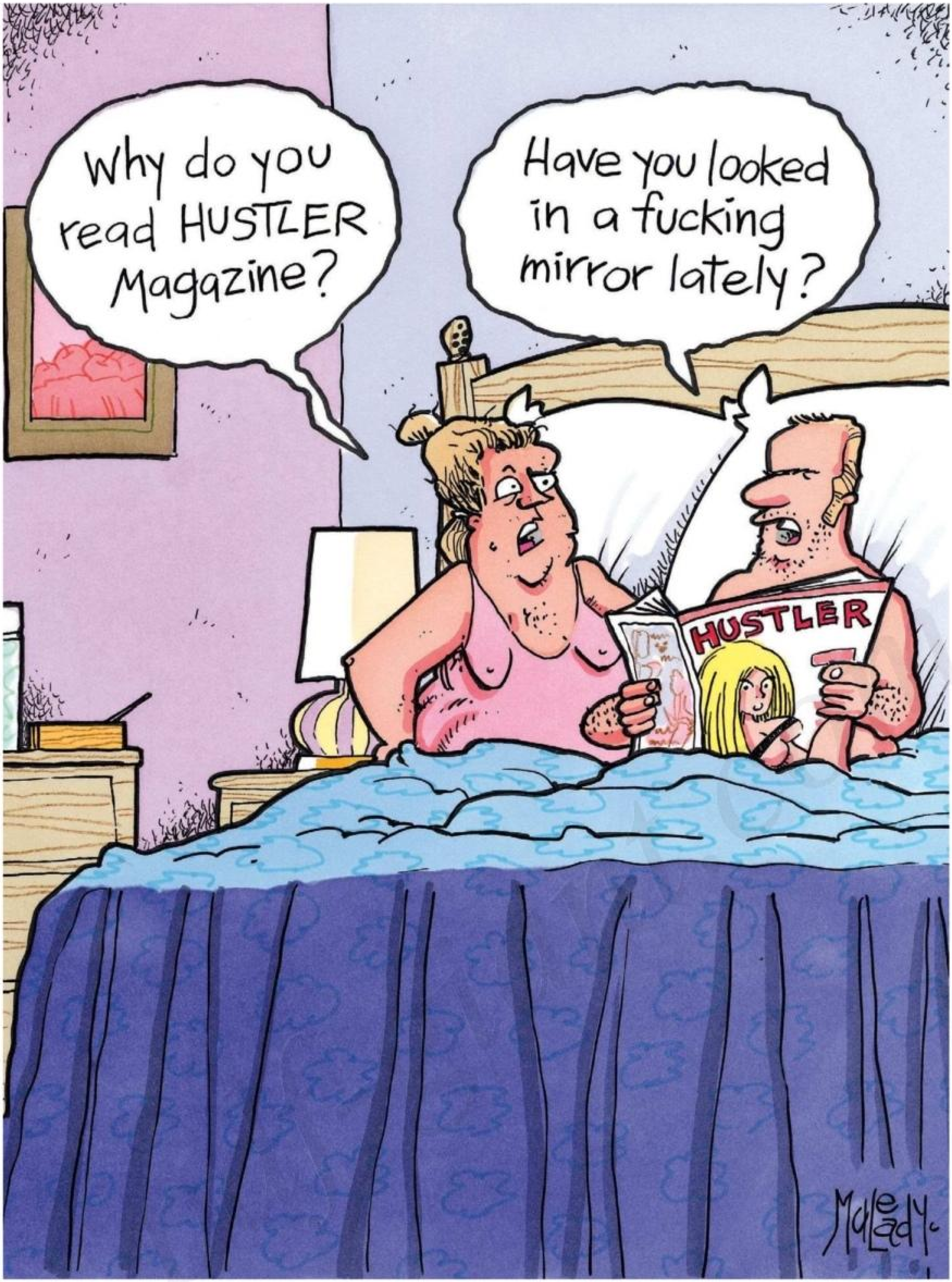
What's Lily Figuera doing in ten years?

I will probably be taking care of my two kids. I'll be a housewife.

A webcam housewife?

No. None of that! I'll be getting ready to make my husband dinner when he gets home from work!

To catch a live strip show and chat with the webcam wonder, go to Streamate.com/LilyFiguera, SassyAssyTV.com and her personal website, LilyFig.com. H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NAKED OR NUDE?

EXPLORING THE FINE LINE BETWEEN SEX AND ART

BY ALEXIS HATCHETT

Are you comfortable being naked, or would you rather be nude? Who would you rather be photographed by: an artist or a pornographer?

Nudity is everywhere, but the hang-ups continue. Censorship wars are waged again and again over whether an unclothed body is art, nature or obscenity. And in the arena of gender politics, it's all about objectification: whether someone is being treated as a sex object rather than a complete person.

The rise of the Internet and easy access to explicit imagery have made the discussion more heated than ever and raised new challenges for artists working with nudity. The specter of porn haunts everything, threatening to totally sexualize perceptions.

Some artists are tackling the issue head-on, stripping their subjects and placing the question full frontal. Exploring the comfort level needed to "take it off" for public view, Asia Hamilton recently assembled an eye-opening multimedia show called "Naked or Nude?" at North End Studios in Detroit, Michigan. Regardless of whether you're butt naked on a porn set or posing nude for a work of art, self-confidence is a general prerequisite. But Hamilton has also found that cultural and racial differences play a significant role. The self-proclaimed "photographic artist" talked to us about her inspiration for "Naked or Nude?" and the fluid categories of fine art, eroticism and porn.

HUSTLER: There's no shortage of nudity these days. Why do an art exhibit about it?

ASIA HAMILTON: I've always been intrigued by the human figure—the beautiful and unique curves of the body. Some of the greatest works of art are of nude people. I started this project in exploration of myself, wanting to show regular people as beautiful works of art—fat, skinny, tall, short, black, white. Just regular people.

My research brought me to the works of Helmut Newton and Marina Abramović, who have explored the human figure in different ways. With Helmut Newton, the study of white women; and Marina, the comfort level of nudity. I wanted to make the point that the body is beautiful no matter what and to be proud of it whatever shape and size you are.

WHEN WE RESPECT THE NUDE, WE WILL NO LONGER HAVE ANY SHAME ABOUT IT.

— ROBERT HENRI

What reactions were you hoping for, and were they what you got?

Shock value came into play when people realized they had to walk through two live nude people to get in the door. Overcoming that made all the artwork inside nothing [shocking] to look at.

Do you feel you got your point across?

Yes. People had a good time and appreciated the works as art and not as exploitation of the body.

What's the difference between your work and porn?

Art is the study, appreciation, production and expression of a subject. Porn is the documentation of an act. Two very different things. I think nudity as art is accepted more now in America than ever. And yes, it broadens the mind of people. Although, even tastefully done and with impeccable craftsmanship, there is still a hush-hush or taboo feeling that comes from producing or seeing this type of work. There is a time and place for everything. Art is everything. Porn just makes you horny.

Is self-confidence a key factor in how well a person can pose naked, whether it's for art or erotic purposes?

Absolutely. You have to feel comfortable to photograph well. Some might be ashamed of their own body type and/or have been taught with strict religious values. However, once the clothes are off, what do you have to be afraid of? I found that even with my shyest muses, they warmed up after the tenth photograph.

> **NUDITY AS ART IS ACCEPTED MORE NOW IN AMERICA THAN EVER. AND, YES, IT BROADENS THE MINDS OF PEOPLE.**
>
> — ASIA HAMILTON

Asia Hamilton

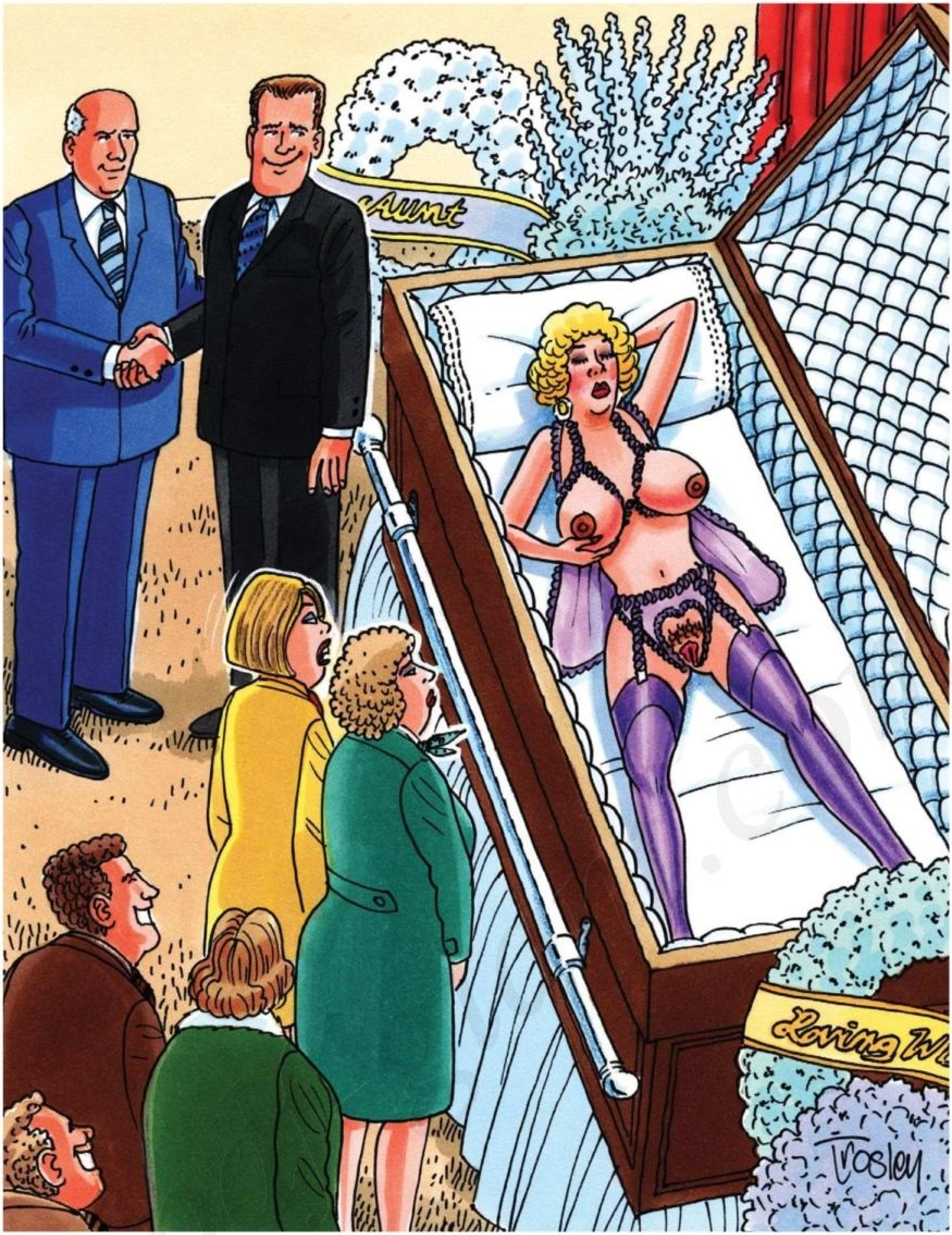
Was it difficult finding models to pose nude?

Yes, especially black women. It's just not acceptable or in good taste to be naked or connected to any type of sexual activity in our culture. It's unspoken sexuality. Also, it was hard to find people who would get naked for free!

Although the sizable crowd at opening night of "Naked or Nude?" was not quite as diverse as Asia hoped it would be, it was open-minded. And that, in her view, was noteworthy.

The next time you find yourself gazing at a naked body, pay attention to the thoughts in your mind. Has your comfort level been challenged? Are you aroused? Maybe you just feel like taking it off too. Take a look in the mirror. Are you "naked" or "nude"? H

*To see more of Asia Hamilton's photography, go to **NozomiLive.com**. She will also be showing her work at the Art Basel expo in Miami Beach, Florida, in December 2013.*

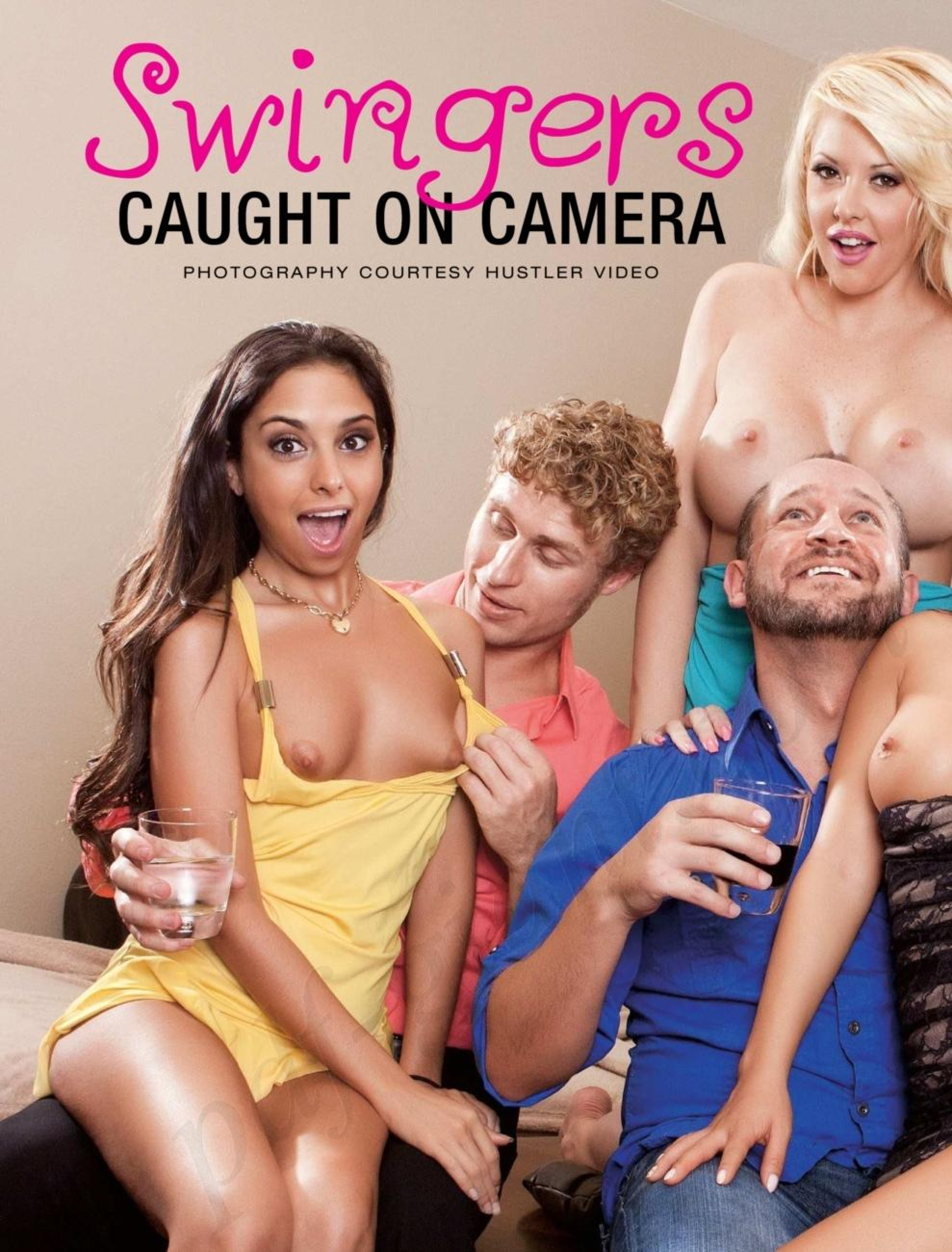


"Isn't that the outfit Ed bought for her that she said she'd never be caught dead in?"

Swingers

CAUGHT ON CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



We get invited to a lot of parties, but here's one shindig that we wouldn't have missed for anything in the world. It's too bad our invite got lost in the mail. That must've been what happened, right?

Five bodacious babes (**Asa Akira**, **Bailey Blue**, **Courtney Taylor**, **Penny Pax**, **Trinity St. Clair**) and three lucky stiffs (**Alec Knight**, **Kurt Lockwood**, **Michael Vegas**) got together for a wild fuckfest. Normally, we do a boning breakdown with our hardcore pictorials, but on this occasion the action was too fast and furious for a play-by-play.

There was so much sucking and fucking that it almost made our heads explode like something out of David Cronenberg's flick *Scanners*. Suffice to say that everyone had a fine time—except for the cleaning crew called in to hose down the premises after these horny humans were done humping.

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LOUISA

IN FULL BLOOM

HUSTLER CLASSIC MAY 1980

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

To tease men with her body, to drive them to fever pitches…those are the fantasies of **Louisa**. But faced with the passion of a real man, her true sexuality unfolds like the petals of a flower. She cannot restrain her wants, her need for the hard, muscular body of a man probing every corner of her womanhood. Teasing her man is but a fantasy. Pleasing him is her reality.

COMING NEXT

CHARLOTTE STOKELY'S DESERT JOYRIDE

Gonzo photographer Nate "Igor" Smith chronicles a XXX siren's naked road trip into the wild.

HOLLISTON'S HORRORS

The stars of Fearnet's hit sitcom lead us into their funhouse of gore, where you can watch heads explode and feast your eyes on the luscious Laura Ortiz.

BONNIE ROTTEN DOES VEGAS

Our photog collars the punkette in a Sin City hotel room and captures every inch of her inked-up beauty.

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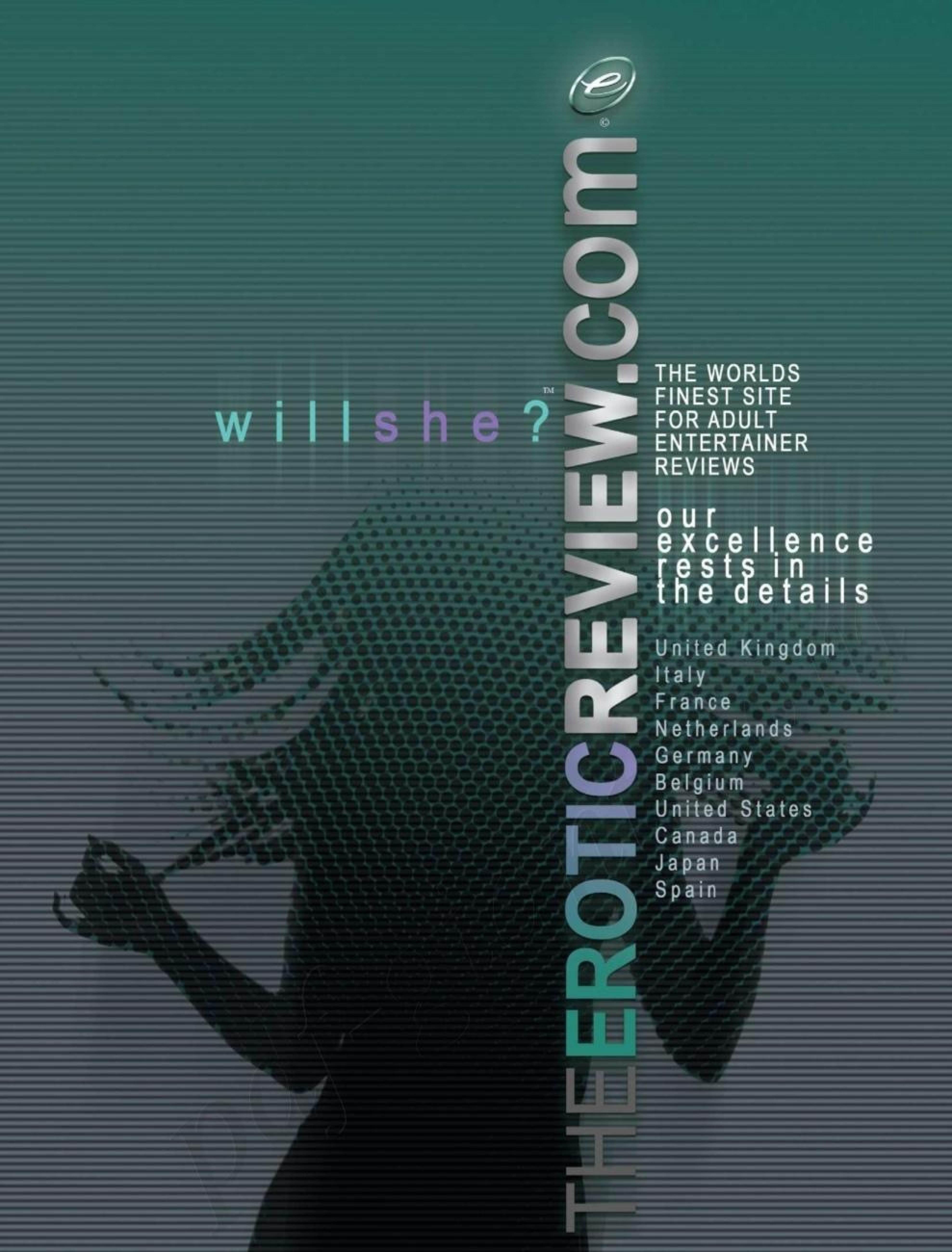

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